

THE RHINE ARMY HORSE SHOW (Illustrated). By Lord Willoughby de Broke.
DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

100 TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, AND MASTER GEORGE LASCELLES.

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THE STRAITS OF AGRICULTURE

IN the midst of the many controversies of the hour the situation of agriculture is in danger of being forgotten. Yet its perilous importance demands unceasing attention, and the National Farmers' Union cannot be blamed for setting forth the facts and figures of the situation. The key figure is to be found in the annual agricultural returns published last week, which show that there is an apparent reduction in the arable area by 129,000 acres; but the union points out that, serious though this figure would be if it stood by itself, it is rendered much more so by the fact that included in arable land is an increase of 300,000 acres under rotation grasses. The comment made upon this is that "Every practical farmer knows that unless drastic action is taken by the Government to stabilise arable farming in this country, the great bulk of this land will never come under the plough again." We are afraid that there is no gainsaying the truth of the conclusion at which the farmers have arrived. The plough will never be used on these acres again unless the present prospect is vastly changed and improved. The next piece of statistics to be dealt with is the decrease of the acreage under wheat by 226,000 acres this year as compared with last year. The acreage under the three chief cereal crops shows a drop on last year of 500,000 acres. Obviously, this is very far from being a step towards home-grown food for ourselves which was the ideal set up during the war.

In connection with this presentation of the case of the farmers it is most interesting to read what Lord Ernle said about landowners in his address at the Summer Meeting of Oxford University Extension Students. The fact from which he started is that agricultural landowners have not grown rich within the last hundred years, but, on the contrary, have become very much poorer. This statement is all the more weighty because during the last

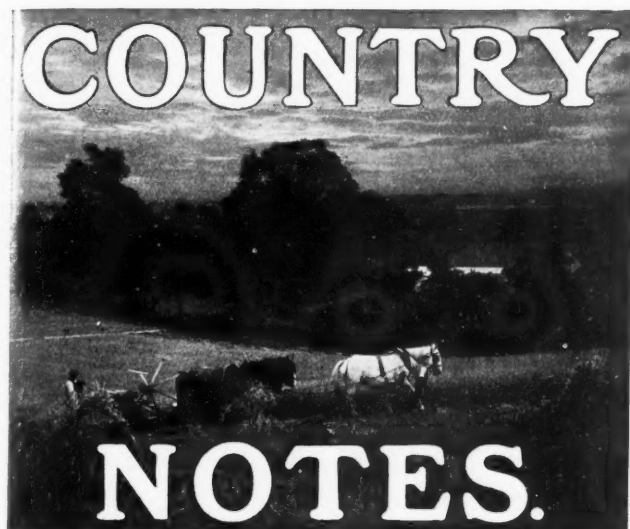
hundred years the national income has very much increased, and many hundreds of huge fortunes have been made out of other industries. No one can say that the landlord has been behindhand or acted as a mere capitalist—a mere rent-charger, as some of the extremists would say. There are few estates on which a vast outlay has not been incurred during the past century for work that should have benefited not only the individual owner, but all who were working with him. Lord Ernle, naturally, asked what was the explanation of this state of things, and from his own knowledge he said that many experienced agriculturists were of opinion that when the interest on the capital spent on equipment had been paid and the cost of upkeep had been met all rent had disappeared. Incidentally, Lord Ernle made a very neat division of our system of cultivation by means of landlord and tenant: "The tenant farmer who took a lease accepted the loan, and was free to use all his own capital in the cultivation of the land." If we look to the material results in agriculture there is no reason for discontent, but for pride and pleasure. "English farming," said Lord Ernle, "had become the model of the world, and our stock had obtained a world-wide reputation." Only this does not work out, as in other industries, to the benefit of those engaged in the pursuit. There is no other industry in which the return for capital is at once so irregular and so low as it is from agriculture. Lord Ernle fairly met the criticism of those who said that "landowners were hostile to small holdings, and that they wasted their land by neglecting to reclaim it or by the excessive preservation of game." We are thoroughly at one with him when he says that "there would be much less bitterness against game preserving on a moderate scale if landowners exercised their own sporting rights over their own land." Preserving game arouses prejudice only when it is done for a commercial purpose; that is, in order to let the sporting rights to strangers. Against that the landowner may very well plead that in many cases he is not able nowadays to inhabit the family mansion and is practically obliged to take any opportunity that may arise and let it to those who have been more fortunate than he in the amassing of profits.

Lord Ernle concluded by dealing with the question of private property in land. It has come to have additional importance because the Labour Party, which now constitutes His Majesty's Opposition, have pinned their flag to State ownership of land. The most scholarly of those who have held the position of Minister of Agriculture challenged any of those who support this view to show that the land ever belonged to the people. It was delicate ground to tread on. If we go far enough back to the time when the inhabitants were nomad and wandered from pasture to pasture and from hill to hill, there does not seem to have been any property in land at all; but recent investigations seem to show that this view is merely legendary and mythical. Evidence is accumulating that even in Great Britain there was a civilisation established at least three thousand years before the arrival of the Romans, and the people of the lake dwellings must have had individual ownership of land because the evidence is accumulating that they cultivated the very same crops as are cultivated to-day. The same wheat, oats and barley and, in fact, all cereals have been found in the excavations at Malmesbury that are in practical use to-day. No one is likely to argue that when prehistoric man pegged out an area on which to grow his wheat, barley, oats and peas, he regarded the result of his own labour as common property, and as the country became reclaimed claimants in ownership must have greatly increased in number. It is often forgotten that land in itself is of no value. It has to be cultivated, manured and sown before it will yield any profitable result.

Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this issue of COUNTRY LIFE we publish a new portrait of H.R.H. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, with her little son, Master George Lascelles.

*** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



LAST week-end is certain to become a landmark in history. To no one is it given to forecast the future, but the screen at the moment is blurred by the worst possibilities. Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon will probably lose nothing in the end by making a clear and courageous statement of the position. They cannot be blamed even when M. Poincaré and Frenchmen generally are reminded that "Sunk ships and cargoes rotting at the bottom of the sea may not shock the eye like the ruined villages of France and Belgium. But they are equally material damage caused by German aggression, and represent equally heavy losses of national wealth." Nor is there any argument to repel the plain logic that if England pays her debt to America she has every right to expect that the Allies will pay their debts to her. The delivery of the document practically synchronised with the resignation of Dr. Cuno, the German Chancellor, and the election in his place of one of the Stinnes band, Dr. Stresemann. The last-mentioned belongs to a type very different from that of his predecessor. He is absolutely modern in type and methods, quick, bold, self-confident, contemptuous of precedent, but experienced in affairs, and yet something of a thruster.

THE part of the Note that deals with indebtedness is put with the utmost clearness. We have begun to pay back the enormous debt we owe to America. France owes us 557 millions, Italy 476 millions and Germany 23 per cent. of the money she pays for reparations. Now, in the first place, it behoves France and Italy to follow the example we have set and to pay England just as we are paying America. In the second place, it is of very great importance to this country that Germany be not divested of her means of engaging in industry. Unless she does that, no reparation can be forthcoming. Indeed, if France were to cling to the position she has taken up just now it would either end in a humiliated and an enfeebled Germany being forced to pay something towards reparations, or the Balkan history would be repeated in Central Europe. That would mean war in no great length of time. It would bring about, probably, guerilla war at the present moment, and guerilla warfare would gradually develop until the strongest robber band became the nucleus of a new army. It may be difficult to turn France from her headstrong way, but all the thought and power of the rest of Europe will be directed to avoid a catastrophe so dire as that indicated by these considerations.

IN early August it is possible for the agricultural expert to make a tolerably exact estimate of the crops for the year. These, on the whole, are much more favourable than could have been expected in early July, when "below the average" was the most that we were permitted to expect; but now the sun, the best of farmers, has come to aid the despairing husbandman. It must be allowed that he has not distributed his gifts equally. It is the clay that has gained most from the sunshine and the sand that has suffered most, and the old saw is as true to-day as

it was in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was put into print: "When the clay doth keep the sand, All is well with England." It has not been quite well with the occupants of light soil in East Anglia, whose crops in many instances have had to be ploughed in because of lack of moisture. Otherwise, there has been a marked and welcome improvement. Happy would the farmer be then were it not for one very serious consideration, which is that along with an improved outlook for crops comes a bad market. This is not at all pleasant reading, as it shows that the never-ending toil of the farmer runs a risk of going unrewarded at a time when he sorely needs the money. Proof of that is afforded by the celerity with which, on many farms, the threshing machine has been set to work on new crops, showing the urgent need to make money on many of the holdings which have suffered severely during the last twelve months.

THE GARDEN.

(From a fifteenth century French song.)

My love hath hid hyrselfe from me
Wythin her littel garden bower.
Lily and rose and rosemarye
Growe there besyde the gilly-flower.
(O Love be kynd that hath such power!)

Fayre is that garden to the sighte,
Alle flowers there doe sweetly shoue;
A man might gladden day and night
Therein and never wyshe to goe.
(Alas! that I should love hyr soe!)

Ah me! no sweeter voice there is
For singyng than the nightingale's
At eve or when the morning pales:
When he is weary he doth cease.
(Not to thy lover comyth peace!)

I saw her pluck with hand in dew
A violet from out the grass,
The loveliest that ever grewe,
The sweetest one that ever was.
(And she unplucked still, alas!)

I see her there, and white she shoues
As milk and soft as lambekyn,
Nor not soe white when I looke in
But red as anye littel rose.
(O love be kynd ere summer goes!)

WILFRID THORLEY.

IT is most desirable that the public should know exactly on what grounds the potato growers of Scotland are basing their demands for the imposition of a duty on foreign potatoes. The claim put forward is that this is not a move antagonistic to Free Trade or in favour of Protection. During the war many steps had to be taken which, if it had been a time of peace, would have been regarded as departures from the strict Free Trade policy of Great Britain, and the argument is that the situation in regard to potatoes is also due to the war. It occurred in this way. The Dutch and other Continental nations have been in the habit of growing potatoes with a view to selling them to Germany, but at present this is not possible owing to the extraordinary depression in the value of the mark. In consequence, the eyes of the Dutch grower are turned to England, where he is prepared to accept a price that to British growers would be ruinous. Potatoes are a very expensive crop to grow. It has been estimated that the labour alone for producing an acre amounts to £13, in comparison with £4 10s. which labour costs to produce an acre of wheat. Obviously, if the selling price falls to something between £1 and £2 a ton, as it did last year, it would be cheaper for the Scottish growers to give their potatoes away than to send them to England; the railway rates would more than absorb not only the profit but the price of the potatoes.

TO compete against the Continental crop it would be necessary to place potatoes on the London market at about £2 a ton. This is actually less than the railway carriage from Scotland to London. We are condensing,

it should be noted, a speech made by Mr. W. J. Reid of Fordhouse of Dun, Montrose. He was talking of his own experience, but although the exact figures would not apply to the potato growers of Dunbar or Ayrshire, they would be in proportion. The Government should not hesitate to take the step required of them—that is, to impose a duty on imported potatoes. It is, or ought to be, their policy to increase as far as possible the production of home-grown food. All our lives may, at no distant time, be jeopardised if they neglect this duty, and, to speak plainly, they are neglecting it abominably. All the pledges given to the public during the war that henceforth it would be the policy of any and every Government to increase the home-grown food supply have become a dead letter, and the peril of the country involved thereby is enormous.

IT is always pleasant to welcome the advent of a wit, and particularly so when he makes his appearance in the rather sombre world of education. Mr. Frank Jones need have no doubt of getting into heaven if the production of wholesome laughter earns one a safe conduct through the portals kept by the Apostle *ad vincula*. Mr. Jones told how he offered a bribe of exemption from home-lessons to a lisping boy and the whole of his class if he could get over his trouble in a month. Sure enough at the end of the time the boy was able to say "Susie sewed shirts for soldiers," whereupon Mr. Jones exclaimed: "Splendid, little man. You are cured, aren't you?" and the boy replied, "I think tho, thir." Mr. Jones brought the same wit into his dissection of composition as it is practised and taught. He says that during the war he received thousands of communications from secondary schoolboys, and was horrified at the ignorance they showed of even such a simple matter as that of addressing a letter. Among the amusing instances he gave was that of a pupil in a chemical class who wrote: "Chlorine gas is very injurious to the human body, and the following experiments should therefore only be performed on the teacher." Another boy wrote: "The jockey lost two of his teeth when the horse fell, and had to be destroyed." Another wrote: "Those that did not go to the war married, but the stronger ones got up a Rubgy football team."

AUGUST is pre-eminently the month of the holiday-maker and the camper-out, and this year it has come with a beauty of weather and of landscape that has done much to increase the number of the pilgrims to the most picturesque parts of the country. One wishes them all luck in their expeditions and the joy of drinking their coffee and eating their sandwiches under the blue sky of heaven, veiled, let us hope, by plentiful greenery, but there is one complaint arising from all the various kinds of places visited by the devotee of the open air. This is, that he and she are absolutely careless about the tokens of their presence that they leave behind in the shape of bits of rag and newspaper, orange peel, empty cigarette boxes and chocolate papers. It is not only the æsthetic sense that is shocked, but the eye, the ear and the nostril. Since ever the practice began of taking a holiday in this manner, and it is a very old one, there has been reason to grumble at the visitors' disregard of offending the eye of those who follow after.

"LEAVE the bathroom exactly as you would like to find it" is a legend hung up in a useful but not very rich county club, and it embodies a principle worthy of being generally observed. It is no great trouble to gather bits of paper and anything else inflammable and burn them, while more substantial articles, such as tins and bottles, broken or otherwise, may be stowed away out of sight, at any rate. It is sad that the modern picnicker is much less particular than his or her predecessor; but those who read the account given by Mrs. Rawnsley of the way in which Lakeland scenery is disfigured, or the similar story told by Mrs. Hudson Lyall and Mr. H. B. Hemming of the carelessness of school children in public gardens and the nuisance created by visitors to the Upper Thames, will, surely, do their best to stir up public opinion till it insists on bringing these disgraceful acts of negligence to an end.

GROUSE had an extra day's grace this year, the Twelfth falling on a Sunday. Many of the moors required, and are to be given, much longer abstinence. In the North of Scotland the second nestings that occurred after a May snowstorm had their natural result on the opening day in the shape of too many cheepers. It seems to have been very generally agreed to give these a few weeks of grace. In the Midlands—that is to say, on the Pennine Chain—in Yorkshire and in North Wales, the last mentioned saved from the austerities of weather by the warm western breezes, the shooting was at least up to an average. It is not a good year by any means, but is more accurately described as middling than as bad. The weather must have reminded many an old sportsman of what he had experienced often enough on the Festival of Saint Grouse. There was rain on the Saint's actual day, and on the morning of the second, mist and a boding of rain; but brilliant sunshine and a splendid day followed.

THE GARDENS OF GRANADA.

Hush! in the gardens of Granada
I can hear
More faint than the wind's whisper
Through the tall cypress stems—
Drawing near
The shuffle of heelless slippers:
Whose slim feet
Patter across the paving.
What strange, elusive scent
Leaves the air sweet?

Ghosts in the gardens of Granada?
By myrtle hedge
And lacquered orange tree
A small swift shadow slips
To the fountain edge.
And leaning, reflected there
I may see,
Moon mirrored, magical,
A face of lost loveliness
Smile back at me.

JOAN CAMPBELL.

LIKE Cleopatra, Farington the diarist appears to have been a person of infinite variety. In the dull November of 1810, "having little of a private nature at present to record," he turned his attention to statistics, and produced a selection of them that must have delighted the patriotic optimists of the day. He applies to the country three criteria of prosperity—increase of strength, of riches and of population—and proceeds to prove that all was well in England five years before the Battle of Waterloo. Between 1760 and 1810 the Army had increased both in horse and foot, foreign troops, militia, local militia and volunteers; 121 ships of war of 50 guns and upwards and 70,000 seamen had swollen to 278 ships and 120,000 seamen. In 1690 Gregory King, "an eminent political Arithmetician of that day," estimated the wealth of the country at 650 millions. In 1748 it was estimated that personal property alone was worth 1,100 millions, and in 1798 Mr. Pitt estimated the value of landed property alone at 1,250 millions. To complete his picture of dazzling prosperity he shows the immense increase in enclosure Bills and in inhabited houses, from which he inferred a great increase of population—a fine glimpse of an empire in the building.

BY winning a twenty-first match, Yorkshire has made a new record in the history of the County Championships for cricket. No one will grudge them this distinction. It is sometimes said reproachfully that the team is a team of professionals; but if that be granted, it has also to be admitted that they are a team of sportsmen who can always be trusted not only to play the game, but to play the boldest game that holds out a promise of victory. "Nothing venture, nothing win," might be their motto. On how many occasions in the early part of this season did it happen that an inferior side made a relatively high score on the first day of the match and Yorkshire a bad one, and the prophets felt sure that the "Tykes" were going to lose this time? There invariably followed a splendid rally such as one

expects nowadays from this plucky and determined team. The consequence is that Yorkshire's position at the time of writing is very nearly impregnable; nothing but a most unexpected run of bad luck can prevent them from regaining the title of championship. In doing so they have the satisfaction of knowing that all who are interested in the most popular and characteristic of English games agree that they deserve the victory.

OUR opportunities of seeing modern French paintings—the work, that is, of the last seventy years—are sufficiently small for any exhibition to be very gratefully received. But now it really seems that we are going to get a fully representative and permanent collection at the Tate Gallery—a much more handy name, surely, than “The National Gallery, Millbank,” which is its official title. Mr. Samuel Courtauld is the donor of £50,000 for this purpose—a princely gift, rivalled only by that of Sir Joseph Duveen, who has for some time been engaged in erecting the actual structure of such a gallery for modern foreigners. At present, modern French work is represented fragmentarily in four galleries: the two National Galleries, the Victoria and Albert, and a few examples at Hertford House. It is, we hope, possible for these scattered works to be assembled as a nucleus round which to build. Our Barbizon collection is badly in need of some good Millets—such as “The Blind Beggar,” on exhibition now at Messrs. Knoedler's, and any of Diaz's work that can be found; while Gauguin has only two canvases at Millbank, and Van Gogh, we believe, none. It is a vast and interesting field which the Trustees have now opened to them.

GLASGOW, so proudly pointed out by Socialists as a model municipality, has decided to revert to private enterprise in its housing schemes, after some experience of “direct labour.” The Corporation, contrary to the advice of the Housing and Town Improvement Committee who advocate municipal competition, not only offered the

new Springwell scheme to private tender, but actually took several other schemes out of the hands of the Housing Department. The grounds were the general interest of the public and common-sense financial reasons, for “direct labour” has proved costly and unsatisfactory. The action of Glasgow is in accordance with our respectful opinion of Scots generally—an opinion which was considerably shaken by its going so “red.” But now, after a fair trial, municipal control is found irksome to the most independent race in the world, and extravagant, which they like even less. Only by such trials will some (we cannot hope all) Socialists learn that there is no more a universal system than a philosopher's stone or panacea. A municipality may be successful in some departments, but that is no reason for its taking over everything. Capitalism has here been shown to be able to produce far cheaper and better than a bureaucracy.

ARE men, contrary to modern doctrines, really getting stronger? The Channel and the Hellespont seem to present few terrors this year; for not only did a *party* swim over the latter a few days ago, but Sebastian Tiraboschi has not only followed immediately upon Sullivan's feat at an interval of less than a week—that is itself startling, considered with the long intervals of years to which we are accustomed—but has swum it from France to England in a time which puts all others in deep shadow. His 16½ hours seems miraculous beside Sullivan's 26 hours 50 minutes only the week before, or Burgess's 22½ hours in 1911, and even beside Webb's 21¾ hours in 1875. But these all swam to France from England. It is, of course, the tide that makes much of this huge difference, and, though it assists the swimmer to a very great extent for 15 hours, after that period, unless he is sufficiently inshore to be within the line of the Admiralty and Folkestone piers, it flows in the opposite direction with such force as to make success impossible. Thus Tiraboschi's sprint was essentially a sporting race with the tide—and he won.

THE RHINE ARMY HORSE SHOW

BY LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

MUCH water has flowed under the old bridge hard by Cologne Cathedral since the visit of Brown, Jones and Robinson to Germany was immortalised by Dick Doyle's inimitable pencil. If Jones's dog were to steal a sausage to-day, Jones would no longer be marched off to a German guardroom by a German squad, nor would Brown be hauled before the Court of Justice for taking sketches of the castles on the banks of the Rhine. But in spite of such untoward symptoms, the game of sabre-rattling had

not begun in real earnest when our grandfathers made the “grand tour” in the 'fifties and the 'sixties as did Brown, Jones and Robinson. Let us look at another and a later sketch of Germany, not set down in fiction, but actually seen in the middle of the decade preceding the great war. A train was unexpectedly stopped at a small station in the Rhineland some time in the month of September. The English passengers alighted to stretch their legs. The station looked uncannily neat and tidy, and was cleared of every living soul except the railway staff and a few



LIEUT. CHAPEL JUMPING THE DOUBLE GATE.



CAPTAIN HAMER'S (14-20th HUSSARS) THE NURSE.



TENT PEGGING BY A SECTION OF THE 14-20TH HUSSARS.

groups of officers in full dress uniform, whose swords clanked on the platform as they strutted up and down. The chinking of bits and the tapping of hoofs on the stone-paved road below the embankment drew attention to a dismounted squadron of cavalry.

The passengers were informed with bated breath that the squadron was a Royal escort, and that no less a personage than William II, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, had just stepped into his special train and started for one of those famous blank cartridge campaigns so dear to the heart of the Hohenzollern. If we had then been told that in less than twenty years this same William would fly from the throne of his ancestors, that the throne would be left vacant, that some of us English should come to Cologne again and see not a single German uniform, but find that ancient place of arms in the hands of a British army, that we should there be judging at a British horse show, we should have looked upon such prophecies as the vapourings of a fortune teller. Even now I am inclined to exclaim, as an explorer is said to have exclaimed when he first saw a giraffe, "I do not believe it." Yet it is true. A party consisting of Colonel Norton, Director-General of Remounts; Colonel F. D. Alexander; Colonel Basil Hanbury; Colonel Forestier-Walker and myself have lately been helping

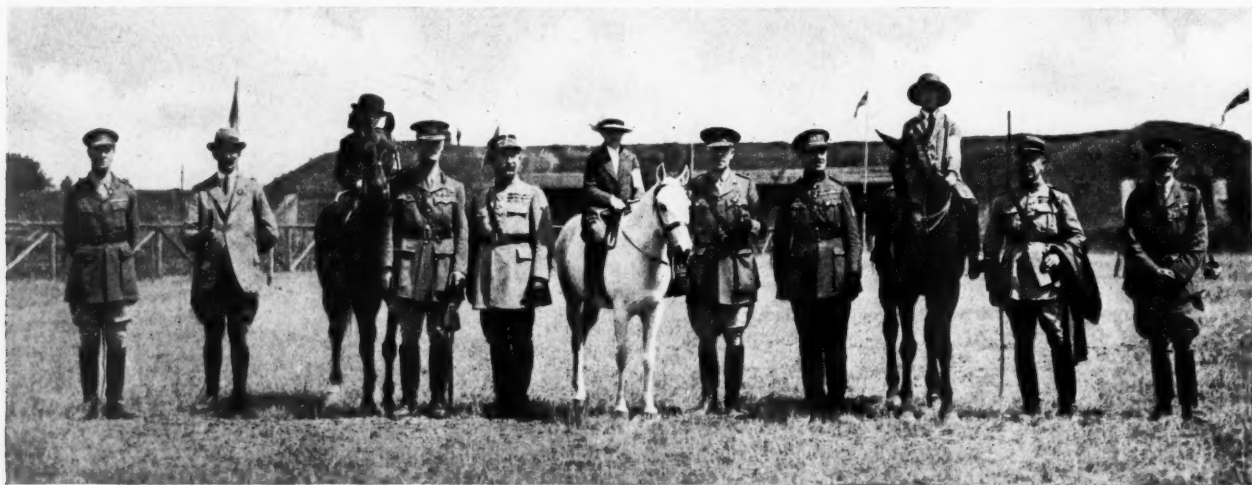
to judge at the Army Horse Show at Cologne under the Presidency of General Sir Alexander Godley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army on the Rhine.

The Show was admirably organised by Colonel Kelly, D.S.O., and consisted of thirty-eight classes, to which were added a cavalry ride by the 14-20th Hussars, and an artillery drive by the 3rd Brigade of the Royal Field Artillery. Some classes were exclusively for the British Army, others were open for British, French and Belgians; no sort of competition was left out. It was an assault at arms as well as being a horse show. There were prizes for chargers, draught horses, mules, jumping, tent-pegging, sword, lance and revolver, turn-outs of all kinds, ladies' hacks and children's ponies. There was even a prize for the German mounted police. The interest on the first morning of the Show centred on the heavy and light draught horses, the mules and the infantry officers' chargers. The heavy draught horses formed a particularly strong class, the winner being the very epitome of power, on the shortest of legs, of the

English shire type, a type that the judges seemed to prefer to the Percheron. The infantry officers' chargers were represented by some very clever hacks of quality and substance. About 15 hands high, two or three of them could do most things that



14-20th HUSSARS IN ANCIENT AND MODERN COSTUME.



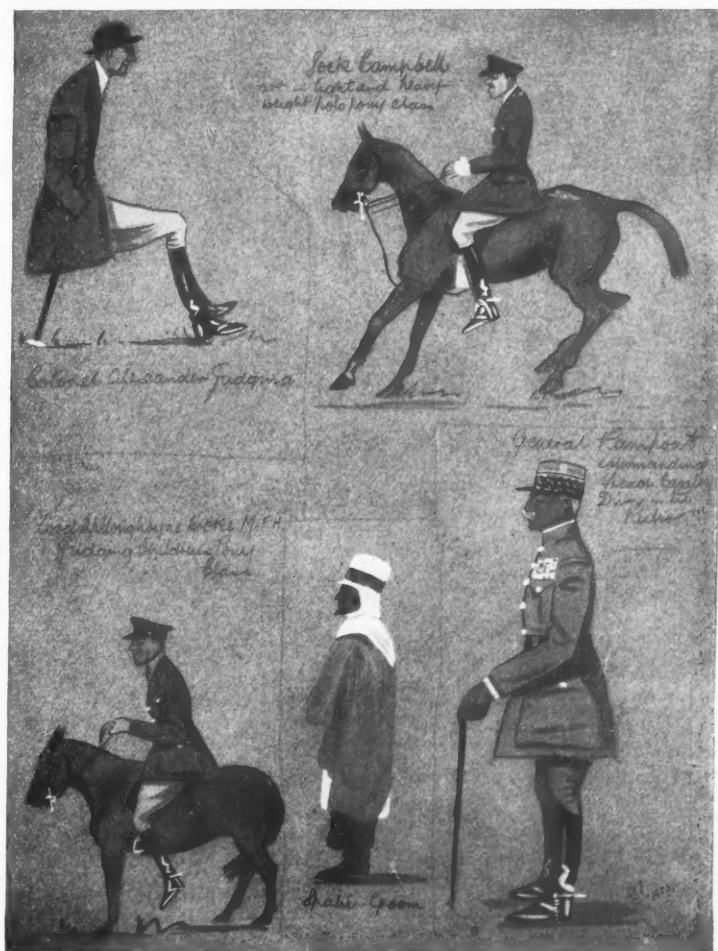
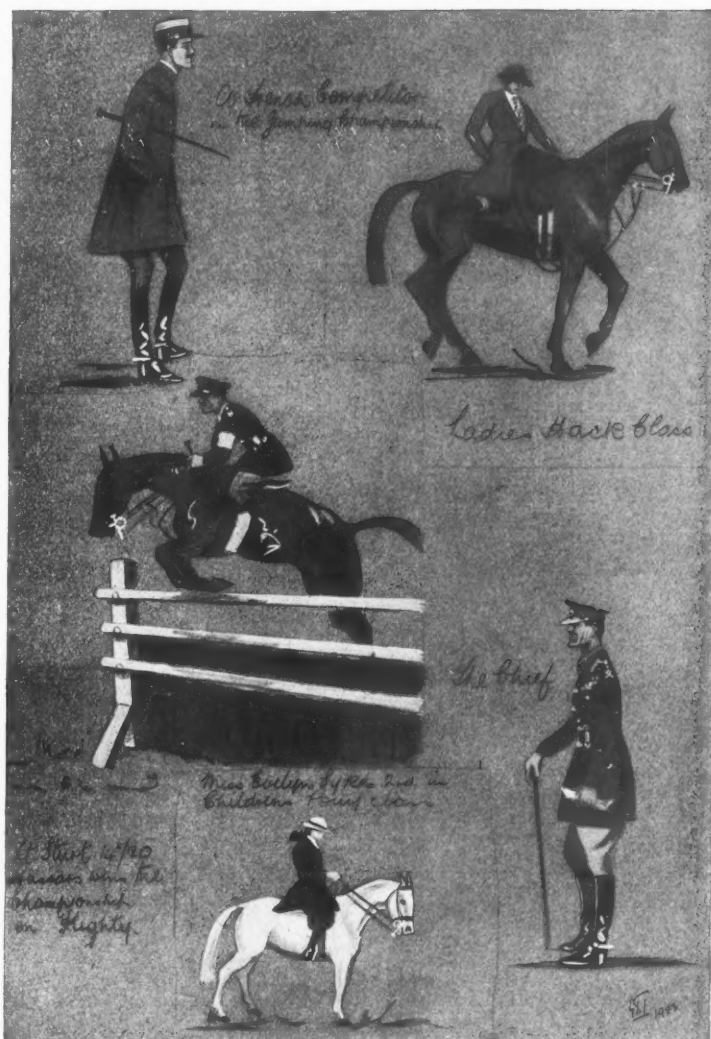
JUDGES AND COMPETITORS.

Col. Hanbury, Col. Forestier-Walker, Sir A. Godley, General Rampont, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Col. Lanckweerts, Col. de Francieu, Col. Kelly. Mounted: Miss Goodwin, Miss Sykes and Miss Blackwell.

a horse can do, except, perhaps, pull a heavy weight, being so built as to be able to play polo, jump fences, carry a whipper-in safely, or a gentleman comfortably, and not to tire in the performance. In the afternoon the transport turn-out brought into the picture a high-class selection of mules, smartly presented in polished leather and burnished steel. How the judges came to a decision in the midst of such an embarrassment of choice will ever remain a mystery to the layman. But the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment won the prize. In the afternoon there were two jumping classes, the novice prize being won by Mr. Petre of the 14-20th Hussars.

The clouds on the first day were menacing, but on the morning of the second day the heavens were cleared and the sun shone down upon a brilliant patchwork quilt of British and Belgian khaki, French blue, ladies' gowns, in which white, mauve and yellow seemed to dominate, lace hats and polychromatic parasols. It was like Ascot with the men in uniform, while the Spahi turbans brought a touch of the East, somewhat reminiscent of the racecourse at Bombay. Two particular colour schemes dwell in the memory. One was the blend of French blue uniforms with the red roan mules of a gun team; the other is a vision of French blue crowned with a red and gold hat floating over the fences on a white barb. In the morning the English judges, assisted by Colonel de Francieu of the 6th Cuirassiers and Col. Lanckweerts of the 2nd Regiment de Guides, Belgian army, addressed themselves to the light and heavy-weight chargers. By acclamation the light-weight prize was given to Sixtain, owned and ridden by General de Viry of 9th Brigade de Dragons. Sixtain is a dark chestnut with three white stockings and white blaze, *pur sang* Anglais, bred in America. Foaled in 1912, he is by Uncle out of Double-Six, by Domino out of Gloaming. General de Viry bought and trained Sixtain as a charger. These two were *complètement d'accord* and gave us a show which would have been difficult to beat in any ring. Among the heavy-weight chargers, the Commander-in-Chief's magnificent chestnut horse O'Rorke was easily first. O'Rorke stands nearly 18 hands high, with a noble outlook and clever action of the kind that would neither tire himself nor his rider on a long march, while on parade he can change his leg, passage or rein back in the most accomplished manner. In fact "he rides like a pony." General Rampont was second with his chestnut horse Maréchal, a charger of fine quality, but perhaps not so well balanced as the winner.

In the middle of the day we enjoyed the almost unbelievable spectacle of a British regiment trooping the colours in a German barrack square. In this manner did the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry celebrate Minden Day, the anniversary of their victory at Minden in 1759. It gave a rare sensation to see our boys wearing the White Roses of York, and to listen to "Rule Britannia" in such a setting as this. How should we feel if we saw a German military band being celebrated and heard a German military band playing "Deutschland über alles" in our own market square at Warwick? Such things give to think. After a banquet given by the hospitable K.O.Y.L.I., to which the whole garrison seemed to be invited, we went to see the open jumping competition. There was a preponderance of entries from the French Cavalry stationed on the Rhine, and the French officers led the best of the competition. Lieutenant Chapel of the 5th Cuirassiers was the winner on an active, short-tailed, "butty" chestnut. The handicap was against the British horses on account of previous successes, and Mr. Sturt of the 14-20th Hussars was unable to ride owing to an accident. On the morrow, however, the handicap was removed for the championship jumping and Mr. Sturt very puckily rose from his bed and piloted Flighty over the obstacles without a single mistake. This feat was equalled by Lieutenant de Freminville



SEEN AT THE SHOW.

of the 21st Regiment de Dragons on his bay mare Nacelle, so the tie had to be decided by a second trial. This time Flighty made two mistakes, while Nacelle made three, so that Mr. Sturt was declared to be the winner. An interesting event was the team jumping by four competitors chosen respectively from the British, French and Belgian armies. The Belgian team had the misfortune to be disqualified early in the proceedings owing to a double refusal on the part of one of their horses, so the British and French were left to fight it out. Eventually the British team, composed entirely of officers in the 14-20th Hussars, obtained the verdict with the narrow margin of fifty-four faults against fifty-eight faults made by the French.

The judges had a pleasing but difficult task in awarding the prizes on the last morning to the children's ponies (to say nothing of the children), to the ladies' hacks and to the championship saddle horse. These were all inter-allied events, but the French and the Belgians only competed in the saddle horse class. General de Viry showed Sixtain, whose mouth, manners and paces could not be denied. The Commander-in-Chief's O'Rorke was placed second. The Commander-in-Chief also won the prize for ladies' hacks with Ladybird, a stout bay mare with all the essentials of a hack. These essentials were not entirely possessed by some of the other exhibits. The primary essentials of a hack, or a charger, or a hunter surely must be:

(a) That he will stand still unattended while he is being mounted.

(b) That he will remain standing after being mounted until he is given the office to move.

(c) That he will allow his rider to use a stick or to crack a whip without taking any notice.

(d) That he will carry his own head at a walk, trot or canter. The children's ponies were nearly all well broken and all were well ridden. Miss Lynette Blackwell and Miss Sheila Barne won the two riding prizes, while Miss Helen Goodwin, Miss Evelyn Sykes and Miss M. Barker won the first, second and third prizes for their ponies.

At the close of this highly successful Show the cavalry ride by 14-20th Hussars, the odd or even numbers being dressed in the three-cornered hat and red frock of the old light dragoon, and the alternate files in the tunic and busby of the modern Hussar, was worth going a long way to see. No less admirable was the artillery drive of the Royal Field Artillery, who wheeled their guns at full gallop in opposite directions, in a confined space, without the vestige of a mistake. There were moments when a five pound note could hardly have found room between the wheels of two guns each being driven *ventre à terre*. In the evening the eye was again feasted by a torchlight tattoo, the most beautiful of its kind, perfectly produced by Major Betts. Truly a wonderful week, marred by an unfortunate accident to Lady Godley who slipped in running to answer a telephone call and broke her thigh. She bore the pain with characteristic courage. I am sure that all your readers wish to offer her their kindest enquiries.

MEMORIES OF THE TWELFTH

BY FRANK WALLACE.

THE Twelfth! There is only one Twelfth in the calendar for many of us—the other eleven are colourless dates—but into that one Twelfth is crammed all the romance and colour which ever our boyhood's dreams have evolved. I know staid and sober men of middle age, from whom romance might be thought to have fled—had they, indeed, ever heard the rustle of his fairy wings—who solemnly and of set purpose head their correspondence on this date "St. Grouse's Day." Indeed, they might burn candles at many a shrine less worthy, for who, recalling those Twelfths that are past, and companions of old, could fail to let his better self arise?

Many a sportsman has been broken to sport on this day of all days. Who does not remember as a boy that wonderful

journey north, school and restrictions left behind, the open hill and free air of heaven before one for two blissful months, all the expectations such thoughts aroused focused and magnified in the almost solemn joy which took possession of one's whole being on first stepping again upon the purple heather? The anxious dread that the morning would be wet; that our elders and betters would dawdle over breakfast; that the "women"—ungallant youth and yet how wise!—would be allowed to participate in the glories of the day's sport; and finally, last and greatest fear of all, that we ourselves would shoot badly! If only a confiding covey would rest peacefully in the heather until we were well within range! Better still, if, instead of one belated little coward—"the fool of the family"—lurking hidden after his relations had vanished, the entire family should



E. W. Tattersall.

GROUSE ON THE WING.

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A FINE POINTER; ON THE ARRAN HILLS.

share his mental attitude and, rising, one by one fall easy victims to our deadly aim! What was the advice in some old book on shooting blackgame? "The grey-hen will rise first. Aim carefully at her eye. If your aim be true, she will fall; *when the rest of the brood can be served in like manner!*" Could anything be simpler? But when the confiding birds did not act so obligingly? When a solitary cock rose with a defiant challenge just far enough out to make a shot difficult and just close enough to tempt one? If your bird—what triumph if he fell! What desolation and bitter regret if he escaped unscathed or, worse still, flinched and carried on!

These are days whose charm lingers when other and more important events are forgotten. In the words of a hill lover (in whose recently published book, "Amid the High Hills," many will take a permanent delight) who seeks to analyse the charm of Highland sport, "But underlying all these, and perhaps more often than not quite unconsciously, there is one dominant governing motive which is surely spiritual rather than material—the desire for environment which will uplift and ennoble, and with it bring a sense of being nearer to the pure—nearer to the things which are unseen and eternal, removed from all that is coarse and material. . . ." "One thing is certain," said a Highland keeper, "and that is, that no one would be an atheist if he spent his life in the mountains." It is a very true saying, and many a man has been saved because he has lifted his eyes unto the hills! Some there may be who will scoff at the association of sport and "the things which are unseen and eternal." I believe that they were and are very intimately connected in the minds of sportsmen of the old school. That is why, or one reason why, the older and some younger sportsmen prefer shooting over dogs to the more modern and up-to-date methods of a driving moor. It is not so much the actual sport which appeals to them as the quiet leisurely walk through the heather, the pleasure of seeing a well trained dog working, the opportunity to observe and admire the many little nature studies, little unexpected bits of wild life, which crop up here

and there, to be seen and admired and loved by all who have eyes to see.

That there is pleasure—great pleasure—to be derived from a day's grouse driving, no one who has ever been privileged to indulge in it is likely to deny. The shots are more difficult, the demands on one's skill and decision are greater, the qualities essential to bring the day's sport to a successful issue are possibly of a higher order, good management and organisation are necessary; but, take it all in all, the sum total of happiness is not so great as that derived from a well remembered day on which one has walked up the birds.

There are signs that the scientific management of moors has, in some cases, overshot its mark. "If there was a little more heather on many of our hills and a reversion to the old-time practice of shooting over dogs, we would hear less of migration, there would be bigger bags, and there would be infinitely more pleasure and health-giving exercise." Perhaps the writer who penned these lines is right!

Certainly, exercise seems a bugbear to some of the rising generation of so-called sportsmen! I heard of a young gentleman last year who, having missed a royal seven times in the course of the day's stalking, came home and complained that the hills were too steep! It would be interesting to hear his comments on a day's grouse shooting—for, to my mind,



E. W. Tattersall.

THE FIRST BIRD.

Copyright.

such a day is infinitely more tiring than a day's stalking. In a desire to return to nature lies the essence of true sport, and it is in precisely this quality that grouse driving is lacking. For the individual counts for little, though the good shot is, naturally, more in demand than an indifferent performer. But there is no call on the nature lore of the individual. Its presence or absence makes not a tittle of difference to the day's bag. Only skill is required, a skill which is largely mechanical. Judged by the ethics of true sport, driving fails lamentably as compared with dogging; yet in its very artificiality lies its charm and its difficulties. By the same standard, deer stalking is nowhere when compared with the real hunting of big game, yet the conclusion is the same.

Yet, whether driving or walking, grouse shooting makes

demands on the affections of its votaries which no other form of game shooting can equal. From pheasant or partridge shooting much healthy enjoyment may be derived: yet the mention of these birds will not light up the eye of the enthusiast as does that of the bonnie red cock of the moors. The surroundings of the former are different, and it is ever amid the hills that fanaticism burns with its fiercest flame!

During this week many of the older enthusiasts will have been out on the hills, as well as many a young one who had yet to kill his first grouse. Whatever the day and whatever their bags may be, it is safe to prophesy one thing: there will not be one of them, with memories to add to or memories to make, who will not wish at the close of the day that he could put the clock back eight hours and start the day afresh.

THE POETRY OF VACHEL LINDSAY

THE growing number of Mr. Vachel Lindsay's admirers will be more than delighted with the solid and handsome volume of his *Collected Poems* which has just been issued by Macmillan and Co. (12s. 6d. net). The scrappy extracts and selections previously published in this country were only enough to whet the appetite. The pieces were not always chosen with the greatest discrimination and, at the best, only gave a hint as to the individuality of the new singer. Such a hint, had it been given only in print, would not have carried us far, but it was supplemented by the impression made by the poet himself when, during the course of a short visit to this country, he gave recitations of some of his most effective poems. His performance was a revelation. If he was unconventional as a poet, he was even more so as an elocutionist. The figure he cut is unforgettable. Possessing a face with something Oriental in its form and in the droop of the eyelids, he also has a voice with which he can roar like a bull or whisper as softly as the noise of the softest wind playing through beech leaves, and, withal, an energy, animation and originality of gesture which complete the fascination. It was no wonder that he left a remarkable memory with all the various circles and grades of people to whom he recited. The number of pieces that he gave us was comparatively small, and perhaps that was all the better, since it whetted the appetite for more.

The goods thus delivered are well up to the standard of the sample. They are presented with some of the literary peculiarities that mark his recitation. These are interesting, although a severe critic would probably be inclined to describe them as superfluous. The rubric of little notes in which he directs how to recite his verses must tend to reduce the reading of them to a rather mechanical art. Much has been said in vituperation of the dead hand with which many people try to carry on their rule after their days are ended. It is a sort of literary dead hand that is employed by Mr. Vachel Lindsay to direct the reading of his verses. Those who have heard him read "The Congo" may possibly find in these notes directions that will enable them to imitate the poet more closely, but the multitude who have not had that privilege will certainly fail to achieve his effects. We take "The Congo" for the purpose of illustration because its impressiveness was so thoroughly appreciated in Great Britain. Two lines are printed in capital letters:

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE
BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN
TRACK.

The rubric which had directed the opening, "Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room," to be given in "A deep rolling bass" is changed when we come to the capitals where the instruction is "More deliberate. Solemnly chanted." Then comes a direction for delivering the continuation: "A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket." The words run:

Then along that riverbank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.
And "BLOOD" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors,
"BLOOD" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors,
"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,
Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM."

Here the rubric intervenes: "With a philosophic pause":

A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
From the mouth of the Congo
To the Mountains of the Moon.

The passage:

Death is an Elephant,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
Foam-flanked and terrible.

is to go "Shrilly with a heavily accented metre"; while the elocutionist, when he comes to:

Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maided host.

must make his voice "Like the wind in the chimney."

Now, those who have heard the good Vachel will recognise that these are very useful hints to help them when they are trying to show how he did it; but, supposing that the most poetic and ablest of elocutionists was intent on devout obedience to this rubric, is it conceivable that he would get within miles of the original? The point might be well illustrated from the theatre. We doubt whether any actor who ever trod the boards showed Hamlet as he was conceived in the mind of Shakespeare, for, indeed, all the good actors of the past have each had a conception of his own. There is not in the history of histrions the story of one who achieved fame by faithfully producing his author's conception or any conventional interpretation of it. This criticism applies with equal force to the introduction to the volume, which is headed "Adventures while singing these Songs—An Autobiographical Foreword." Mr. Vachel Lindsay cannot be accused of dullness in writing these notes, but he is entertaining simply because he has the art of writing cleverly about himself. Poetry must stand or fall by its own merits. It should make no call for explanation, no call on any rule of recitation, but appeal straight from the printed lines to the mind of the reader. In many cases we believe the interpretation of a reader will be truer than the interpretation of the poet, especially of the Vachel Lindsay type of poet. Probably, he has some dim idea of the truth of this, as one of the books that played a part in the making "was the little blue volume of the Poems of Edgar Allan Poe." In his early days he was full of Poe. A better example could not be found of a poet whose story of the manner in which he invented a poem was itself an invention. His "Raven" never was written in the manner he described, any more than "Kubla Khan" came to Coleridge in a dream as we understand a dream. It will strike many people that his explanation of the Kallyope Yell belongs to the same category as Poe's explanation of "The Raven." After telling how his speaking tours lead to his appearance before assemblies, where he is welcomed with the high school, university or college "yell" he says that he replies with the Kallyope Yell. His direction about this poem is that it should be "given in the peculiar whispered manner of the University of Kansas 'Jay-Hawk Yell.'" We should like to ask Mr. Lindsay what the words mean to a sympathetic reader who was, as he was sure to be, carried off his feet by their energy and imagination. Surely, the interpretation, if it were needed at all, is supplied by the poet himself:

I am the Gutter Dream
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope.
Car called the Kallyope,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!

One would not have missed for anything the charm of this Introduction, but our gratitude is not for help in interpretation. It is for such revelations as this:

At Miss Sampson's drawing class I filled this book with pictures of peacock feathers, and of clover red and white, and all the strange

grasses I could gather in the vacant lots of South Sixth Street. I am fond of clover and wild grass and peacock feathers to this day, and no man shall shame me out of it.

Here is another most interesting little passage :

For instance all we children were drilled in memorizing choice verses from King James' Bible. We had to recite three verses apiece before we could have our breakfast. Thus we memorized every Sunday School lesson, having it letter perfect by the end of the week, for fourteen years.

It is followed by a petition from the author that his verse is to be "judged not as a series of experiments in sound, but for lifetime and even hereditary thoughts and memories of painting." Those who love Art for its own sake will need no one to point out to them the truth and value of the little piece of self-revelation with which we close this notice :

When I was in the New York School of Art, William M. Chase gave us a lecture on drawing the beauties of the nude figure from memory. I had already drawn from life four years. I could put up the usual life drawing, and have it exhibited on the line in due place. So, bearing the words of Chase in mind, I made the conventional charcoal record of a most Olympian model, a most exquisite model of whom I made a dull, accurate map.

That evening, far from school, and the thought of the day's work I pinned to the wall a sheet of the same size of paper as I used at school, and to my astonishment drew from memory a better picture of that model in an hour than the one it had taken a week to draw in class. It was one of the great adventures while singing these songs, to find it could actually be done. I brought the two drawings together next

day and found that the memory drawing was as well measured, but more Greek than the other.

A BOOK of charming illustrations, sound ornithology and unfathomably dull writing describes Mr. Seton Gordon's *Hebridean Memories* (Cassell, 15s. net.) One could linger a long while on the pictures. Beginning with a very lovely photograph of a whooper swan at nest, there is not a bad one among the ninety and nine that follow. On the other hand, the prose is entirely destitute of the qualities that make literature or what is, or ought to be, the same thing, good reading. The title was certainly not chosen to describe the contents. Had the author really written reminiscences of his visit to the Hebrides he could scarcely miss being attractive here and there, and literary sincerity might have caused him to stumble into writing a tale worth keeping. What he has done has been merely to reprint his journalistic articles, and the only interest they arouse is that of learning how a good Scot, and of the Gordons to boot, could rehash from some other source the facts of the great fight, upon which is founded the one in "The Fair Maid of Perth." In a note, Sir Walter printed Bellenden's translation of the account given by Boece. Mr. Gordon is a piper, but his interest is confined to the pipes and the music. He knows or cares little about the glamour which legend and tradition have woven round the pipes. Good reading can only be provided by width and diversity of sympathy, and we are afraid that Mr. Gordon is hopelessly bound down and confined to the arid facts.

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page 223.)

WITH COBBETT ON THE SOUTH DOWNS

THE other week I chanced to be reading Cobbett's "Rural Rides"—an old friend for a good many reasons—and noticing the date of one of his journal entries to be 1823, I was led to turn over the pages to see where Cobbett was riding on the same day of August a hundred years ago. It proved to have been in Sussex, a favourite county

of his because the labourers were sturdy fellows and less pauperised in those hard times than the rural population of other counties. "This is a very nice solid country town," he writes, for instance, "very clean, as are all the towns in Sussex. The people very clean. The Sussex women are very nice in their dress and in their houses." And reading through his journal



Bertram Cox.

SUSSEX ELMS.

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thus set me in mind to pay a visit to the South Downs across which he rode one wet August day, especially as the weather promised to be kinder to me during the week-end than it had been to him.

I did not set out without apprehensions. The first because it was quite a number of years since I had seen these hills, and I feared to find their proportions insignificant in the reality compared to what they had long been in my imagination. For the scenes that gave us the keenest pleasure in our boyhood often seem to fail us when we revisit them in later life. However, the moment the South Downs came in sight I knew I was not to be disappointed. What a magnificent vision it is on a fine morning when you come over from Selborne towards Midhurst and have the whole western end of the range before you! What a great sea wall it is! And what a view, too, once you are up on the range itself looking down on the patchwork of three or four counties. I think the eternal charm of these hills must lie in their form, almost Cubist in general effect, but with nothing in common either with mountain or plainland scenery. And, without a doubt, summer is the season of all to be on the Downs, because the ripening corn lends such an extraordinary variation of colour.

I am forgetting my second apprehension. It was that on an August Bank Holiday the green slopes, the woods (or hangers, as I believe they should be called) and the grass tracks would all be peopled with 'bus-transported picnickers. It says much for the extent of the Downs that I never met a soul on the Downs proper—that is to say, away from the roads that traverse them. Or, perhaps, it speaks more for the counter-attraction of the bathing resorts which one can often see from their summit. Whatever the reason, I was not ungrateful. I left my car below and decided I would make for Donnington Hill, which Cobbett describes as a hill from which one should see Reigate on a fine day. There is no Donnington on the map now: it must have been shortened to Duncton, for from the hill above that village the chalk pits of Reigate were easily to be distinguished and the same chalk range well away into Kent. From Donnington or Duncton I made my way by Eartham round to Goodwood. The famous race meeting had left its mark on all the roads, which were sadly cut to pieces with the week's incessant traffic—

and on, as it seemed to me, the innkeepers' prices also. Above Eartham the whole hillside to the extent of several miles is just now a glorious purple with the rose bay which is in bloom. I seldom saw a landscape in more brilliant colours. Naturally, I wished I had a horse to ride along the soft turf tracks, as Cobbett loved to do. In his predilection for this sort of country he was, I fancy, ahead of his generation who, for the most part, rarely looked to simple rides for pleasure at any time. In those days, as few people thought of riding for pleasure, and then writing about it, as now eulogise cross-country journeys by train. But then, Cobbett, less even than Arthur Young, of whom he was in this way a successor, did not ride for pleasure only, but found pleasure in his work, or work to be done in his pleasure—and which is the more delectable? His generation were in the prelude of the Romantic movement; scenery had for some years been attracting attention; but the canons of scenic beauty were then purely romantic. Rugged or jagged hills, lofty escarpments, awful crags, purling torrents, hanging wisps of forest—such were the "beauties of England" at that time. Thus, he was probably alone when he exclaimed: "These high down-countries are not garden plats like Kent, but they have, from my first seeing them when I was about ten, always been my delight. Large swerving downs, and deep dells here and there, with villages among lofty trees, are my great delight."

I was curious to test one of his dicta about these parts. Writing of the country between the sea and the South Downs, he says: "It is impossible that there can be, anywhere, a better corn country than this. Here the first sheaf is cut that is cut in England. It was never known that the average even of Hampshire was less than ten days behind the average of Portsdown Hill." I returned round by that way and then up to Petersfield. Certainly, the corn was considerably more advanced, not only the winter oats which had already been cut in most parts, but the wheat too, which they had either cut or were making ready to—the August Bank Holiday is no holiday for the farm labourer—whereas I had only seen one field of wheat cut north of these parts, and that under the Chilterns in Berkshire. Everywhere it seemed to be a good crop, a *full average crop*, as Cobbett used to write in his cautious exact manner. And this reminds me



Bertram Cox.

THE FACE OF THE DOWN.

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"THE PATCHWORK OF THREE OR FOUR COUNTIES."

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of a little thing I have often noticed. We must, all of us, have some of the farmer's instincts left in our blood, for we do, without a doubt, take such a personal interest in the harvest as we never do in the well-being of other industries. "A few more days of this weather," we say with satisfaction, "and the farmers

will have their crops safely in." And we rub our hands almost as if it were our own affair, though, likely enough, we have not a single farmer for a friend nor ever eat a loaf that is made of English flour. All the same, it is a little touch of human vanity that does no one any harm.

N. L. C.

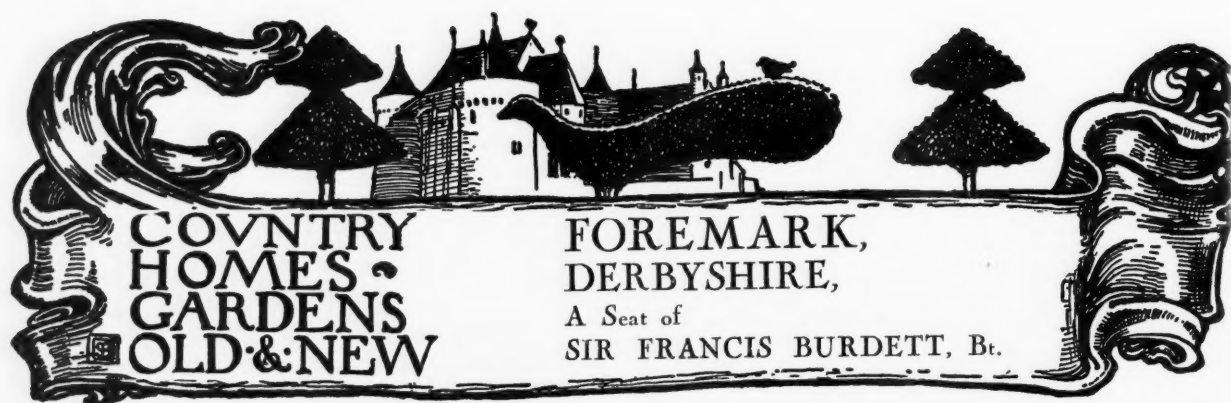
LAWN TENNIS: TACTICS

IN discussing lawn tennis tactics in a previous issue of this paper reference was made to a book which Mr. R. D. Little, the American Davis Cup player, had devoted to them. So much has been written about the game of recent years that it was not to be expected that Mr. Little—with all his experience—would be able to disclose any secrets which are unknown in practice to the first-class player, and in theory to the rest of us. Nor has he done so. We all know, for instance, the abstract reasons for maintaining a parallel formation in doubles; it can be demonstrated that it leaves a smaller gap for the opponent to hit through. Now, abstract reasons do not affect us very vehemently in any sphere of thought; in lawn tennis we know that they apply only to the average or abstract ball—a ball that has no existence in any particular rally. Mr. Little has contrived to put the abstract reasons in a form in which they are likely to remain in the mind in moments of stress. This is probably a greater service to the average English player than to the American expert. One cannot conceive an American expert throwing away a point in a match out of slackness or because he had forgotten about the plan which he had carefully cogitated for the discomfiture of his opponent. But the average English player does not have a plan, or, if he does, he is very ready to discard it when he is losing as not being all that it was cracked up to be. We all know the advantage of running in on the service in a double; but if it is a long double, and a hot day, and our—average English—service is pitching over the line, we think that it makes very little odds—in any particular service—if we run in or not. In relation to this, Mr. Little makes a statement and draws an inference. He says that in a long five-set double there are only about a dozen points between those scored by the winners and the losers. Hence the importance of trying for every point that might be won; the service, once in a while, does pitch in when the server thinks it is going out; it is returned as

an easy kill to a volleyer, but as an at-the-feet stroke to a server who has hung back. We have to admit, then, that we ought to have run in on that service. Nor is this all. We must run in on every service;—admitted; we must run in far, and, therefore, fast, it follows. But that is a tiring process;—of course. Is it not, then, expedient to concentrate upon hitting that first service in and thus sparing the server a useless and tiring run to the net? It would appear so, O Socrates—confound you.

Again, we all know that we ought to anticipate the stroke that the other man is going to make. But anticipation with the average player means no more than dashing across every now and again to take his partner's ball and accepting the risk that the ball may be hit to the place he has just quitted. Anticipation as expounded by Mr. Little turns out to be a much more exact science. In the class of game which he is discussing it may well mean the dozen points which decide the long double, for as these experts may be expected to return every ball which they reach, there is no such thing with them as the "absolute" good stroke—the stroke which in lawn tennis of a lower grade wins the point by its pace and trajectory irrespective of the position of the opponents. The ball that is to win the point must be hit out of the reach or nearly so. One of those experts found he had left an enormous gap; he made to do what the average player does—cover it. But he knew, what the average player would not have had to consider, that he had no time to intercept the ball that his opponent was likely to hit; so he returned to his original place, having bluffed his opponent into hitting to it. He was not satisfied with this bonus; he proceeded to hit—intentionally this time—a slightly more difficult ball, while leaving a slightly smaller gap; then he went rather more elaborately through the motions of starting to cover the gap, did cover it, and got an easy kill from an opponent who was not going to be caught a second time.

E. E. M.



THE description of Foremark in Woolfe and Gandon's "Vitruvius Britannicus," happens to be singularly full and appropriate to the manner of the building. It embodies a landscape as seen by, at any rate, the architects of the eighteenth century, and that, when we are considering a Palladian house, is most desirable. For one has only to look at a Claude landscape or one of Richard Wilson's or Gainsborough's to realise how essentially different the eighteenth century "points of a view" were from our own. The difference, briefly, was that of subjective and objective.

Eighteenth century epithets for a *paysage* regarded it as a back scene to a stage; the prospect was either grand, awful or peaceful and was regarded as considerably more satisfying if the spectator possessed all the land which he could descry from his terrace. The writer of the "Vitruvius Britannicus" description is accurate, but all his trees, so to speak, are conventionally bosky; the "sward" and "groves" which he implies are inhabited by the "swains" of classical romance:

The Seat of Sir Robert Burdett, baronet, is situated in a beautiful pleasure Ground. The principal front is on the side of a Hill, rising gradually from the River Trent, and commands a very extensive prospect of about 25 miles north, bounded by the Peak Hills. The south front looks upon Pasture Ground, laid out in the Style of a Park, by sunk Fences, with Plantations of Firs and Forest Trees, disposed in such a manner as to resemble the work of Nature more than that of Art. The East Front commands about 20 miles, towards Nottingham, with a perspective of the Windings of the Trent, terminated by the Castle, and enriched by Sir Gervis Clifton's woods. The West Front enjoys the rich valley leading up to Burton upon Trent, about 8 miles in length, and incircled by the Staffordshire moorlands.

The writer of the above has omitted any reference to the spire of Repton Church, round which the landscape beneath Foremark lies, but otherwise it is a faithful picture of the stately rolling country which, so regarded, is an appropriate setting for a classic edifice.

The most common form of criticism is directed always against the nature of things. The earnest playgoer inveighs against a revue because it is not Shakespeare; the typical Englishman abroad considers all foreigners as heathens or lunatics because they do not live in England. So, coming to architecture, a Palladian house is censured for not being Jacobean. Were not this attitude so common, it would be ridiculous; as it is, it is distressing.

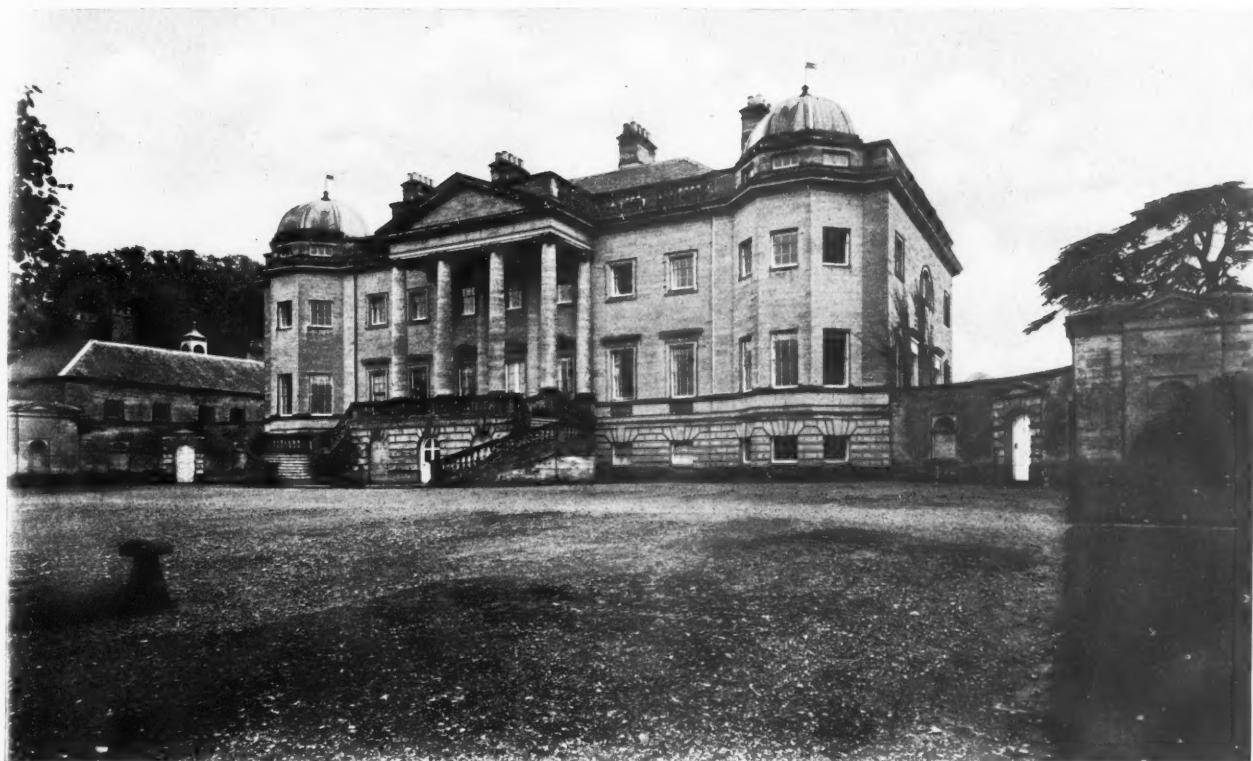
Foremark speaks as distinctly of the mid-eighteenth century as Hatfield of Jacobean times or any manor house of the age which produced it. For the Palladian style, however it supplanted our vernacular form of building, is instinct with the air of the Georges. It is one with the sonorous periods of Gibbon or Chatham, the scholarship of a Lady Mary Montague, and the gay but, to our mind, stilted revels of Vauxhall or Ranelagh.



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I.—A PERSPECTIVE OF THE PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It was a mannerism; but so was the whole eighteenth century. The criterion is not, therefore, its likeness to other forms of expression, but the architectural skill with which it embodies the conventions of the period.

Thus considered, Foremark is a typical and in some ways an outstanding example of a mid-eighteenth century mansion of moderate size. Its treatment during the last quarter of a century, moreover, helps us to appreciate it all the better. For

the activities of the landscape gardener have, fortunately, been kept at a distance, so that the house itself is surrounded by appropriate formality. Although the drive to the house leads through no large park, it comes as a surprise when you turn into the approach and have rounded the corner whence the broad carriageway conducts direct to the portico (Fig. 3). This expanse of gravel, terminated at the opposite end from the house by a rectangular sheet of water, balustraded



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3.—THE FORECOURT, TERRACED ABOVE A LAKE AND APPROACHED BETWEEN TRIM TREES.

"C.L."



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4.—DETAIL OF THE PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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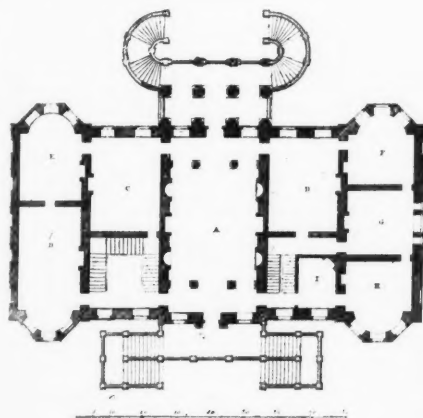
5.—A CLOSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and bordered by trees, is flanked by a gorgeous array of pleached lime trees, all small enough to give the effect which the majority of our great houses must have presented at their completion and, probably, to the expectant eye of imagination. Kip's and Badslade's views of the seats of 1700 contain nothing but avenues and lines of such young trees which, having now grown up into hoary and venerable elms, many already blown down, considerably modify the original idea of the house they surround. But here one can feel the sense of ordered neatness that desires symmetry and columniation of a house and a straight stalk and a round green clump of leafage in a tree. Our vehicle changes into a lumbering chariot drawn by six cart horses as we approach such trim stateliness.

The south front is treated equally well. A rectangular tank reflects the staid walls, its lines leading up to the diagonals formed by the steps, the whole composition flanked and punctuated by trim shrubs or bay trees in tubs (Fig. 8).

The east side of the block is devoted to offices and is remarkable for the ingenious but somewhat inconvenient stowing away there of the kitchen. The main fronts are flanked by short, curving wings, terminated by small pavilions.



HIORN'S PLAN OF THE CENTRAL BLOCK.

On the west side the space so enclosed is open, with a lawn and cedar tree. On the east, however, the area is occupied by a detached range, running north and south, containing the said offices, connected with the main block by a colonnade, but screened by the curving wings and also by the neighbouring trees, so that this asymmetrical plan shall not be evident from the front. The rooms shown in the plan are (a) the hall, (b) the billiard room, (c) the dining-room, (d and e) now the drawing-room, (f) the library, (g) a lobby, and (h) the boudoir.

The façade itself is of a not uncommon Palladian type—four turrets, or bays, in this case capped by domes, terminating the principal fronts. A curious and rather irritating detail is seen in the balustrade of the portico steps, where the balusters of the inner and more acutely ramped balustrade are so fashioned as to appear to have been actually contorted in the effort of twisting at such an angle.

The architect who designed Foremark is given by Woolfe and Gandon as Mr. Hiorns, and as this will be our only opportunity of recording his activities, since Foremark is the only country



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6.—THE RED BRICK STABLE BUILDINGS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



7.—BETWEEN THE FLANKING PAVILIONS AT THE SIDE.



8.—THE FORMAL GARDEN, ADMIRABLY HARMONISING WITH THE HOUSE.



9.—THE ENTRANCE HALL, RUNNING ACROSS THE HOUSE.



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10.—THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house he designed, we may be permitted, once and for all, to clear up the misconceptions surrounding him. What information there is to be found concerning the family of Hiorns I owe largely to the kindness of Mr. Frederick B. Hiorns, F.R.I.B.A., their descendant whose facts, supplied to, and slightly added to, by me, are these:

Relatively little appears to be ascertainable of "the Hiorns who designed Foremark and the County Hall at Warwick," as Sir Reginald Blomfield puts it. It is not generally realised, however, that two members of the family were practising architecture at that time and a third not long afterwards. These were—

I. William Hiorns or Hiorn, b. 1715, d. 1776. Of Tew, Oxon, and later of Warwick. Married to Mary Duncalfe at St. Vedast, Foster Lane, London, April, 1743, by whom he had two children, Francis and William, baptised at St. Mary's, Warwick. In 1753 he repaired the spire of Old St. Martin's Church, Birmingham (see Bunce, Hist. of Old St. M.'s, B'ham), and added a vestry in 1760 in conjunction with David Hiorns. A memorial tablet to William occurs on the south wall of St. Mary's, Warwick.

II. David Hiorns, probably brother of the above, dates of birth and death uncertain, though a son and daughter were baptised in St. Mary's, Warwick, 1750 and '51. In 1755 he built the stone bridge crossing the Avon at Charlecote, and from 1754 till '59 was engaged on the County Hall of Warwick. Relative to this building Mr. Prowse, M.P., wrote to Sanderson Miller stating how everybody preferred Hiorns' designs to those put forward by Miller, "though I mentioned all the objections you put forward in their full force." One of these concerned the expense of columns, "but he did not chuse to hear of it." The exact identity of this Hiorns is given in a letter written by Lord Guernsey in Jan. 1755, regretting that "David Hiorns must go so long unpaid."

One of the trustees for the building of Warwick County Hall was Sir Robert Burdett of Foremark, and it is tolerably certain that it was this connection that gave him the commission to build the house. Another of his works was the parish church of Daventry for the Earl of Nottingham (1752-8). The sudden cessation of his activities, which thus seem fairly numerous up till 1758, suggests that his death occurred not long after.

III. Francis Hiorn, or Hiorne, F.S.A., Alderman of Warwick, b. 1744, d. 1789, son of William, *q.v.* This man worked principally in the Gothic style, in which he achieved more notoriety than either his father or uncle. A gallery in the family church at St. Mary's, Warwick, seems to have been his first commission in 1777. In 1781 he built the new church at Tetbury in the Gothic taste and in 1786 the triangular or Hiorn's tower at Arundel. Referring to the former, the Rev. W. Mason, writing to Lord Nuneham in 1785 said: "I am glad you have employed Mr. Hiorne for Courtenay Castle (a conceit which apparently was being projected in the neighbourhood of Nuneham). Tetbury Church gave one the very highest opinion of his Gothic taste, and I don't doubt he will make it charming on paper, and if he does that I shall be contented, for I never wish it to be executed till y^r Lordship is as rich as Croesus."

point of fact, it never was erected, and he died a few years later, being buried beside his father at Warwick.

The Foremark which David Hiorns' designs superseded was probably an early Jacobean building, if we may judge from the church (Fig. 11), which is a perfect specimen of Jacobean Gothic, built as a whole in the early years of the seventeenth century, with trefoil-headed lancet windows in groups of five and hoodmoulds in the approved fifteenth century manner. Outside, above the east window, which looks down a grassy vista to the house, is a kind of strapwork pediment flanked by figures of Hope and Justice and working in the Burdett arms and motto, "Cleave Fast." This dates the church at least as being after 1602, when Thomas Burdett, created a baronet in 1618, married Elizabeth Frauncys, heiress of Foremark. A picture exists of the couple, with their extensive family, grouped on a settee at the foot of a draped four-poster bed. Sir Thomas very possibly rebuilt the house at the same time as the church, though of that there is no evidence. At some time in the seventeen-twenties some money was spent on the latter, and possibly on the house, too, for some of Bakewell of Derby's beautiful ironwork. An altar rail can be seen in Fig. 11, and outside the east end, looking down the vista already mentioned, is a fine pair of wrought-iron gates which display all Bakewell's characteristics of lightness and grace.

It was the first baronet's great-grandson, Sir Robert, who employed Hiorns to build a new house, though the personality which dominates the place is rather that of his son, Sir Francis, the famous member for Westminster.

At the head of the stairs at Foremark are a collection of prints, caricatures and mezzotints of Sir Francis, most of them dated either 1811 or 1820. These were the years of Sir Francis's imprisonments, and most of the prints show the minister but glorious walls of the Tower somewhere in the background. One of the Whigs of the

"left," he was a constant advocate of that Parliamentary reform which eventually took place with the great Reform Bill of 1832—"the English Revolution." He was, as Hazlitt described him, a prodigious favourite of the English people. "So he ought to be; for he is one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding and character. . . . He could not have uttered what he often did if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good tempered, and a very good looking man. There is no honest cause which he dare not avow, no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour. He has the firmness of manhood with the unimpaired enthusiasm of youthful feeling about him." A lithograph of 1832, [more or less

contemporary with Sir William Ross's fascinating little miniature in the National Gallery, shows Sir Francis, aged 73: "A fine old English Gentleman, one of the olden time": a gouty foot is resting on a stool, the other leg jack-booted; he sits erect in his armchair, one hand placed in his breast pocket, the other gripping a large goblet on the table beside him, which also supports a goodly jug. And behind looms the inevitable Tower. The case of *Burdett v. Abbott*, which ensued from "a libellous and scandalous" contribution to *Cobbett's Weekly Register* in 1811, and resulted in his forcible arrest and detention, has lately been described in the *Farington Diary*. The second arrest took place in 1820 for seditious libel uttered in a letter



11.—THE CHURCH IS AN ENTIRELY JACOBEOAN STRUCTURE, THOUGH STILL IN THE GOTHIC MANNER. THE ALTAR BY BAKEWELL (?)

from Foremark to the electors of Westminster, severely commenting on the action of the authorities in dispersing the meetings at St. Peter's Fields, Manchester.

The interior of Foremark, which has changed little since his time, is also a tribute to the skill of Hiorns. Of no special interest, it is none the less comfortable, with much excellent wood and marble work, and is sufficiently well shown in our illustrations not to need verbal description.

A word, however, may be said of the stables (Fig. 6), which lie further east again, beyond the kitchen block, and enclose a great quadrangle. The main block, on the left of our picture, is of earlier date than the rest (which was, no doubt, designed by Hiorns), being of late seventeenth or early eighteenth

century work. The later buildings, with an arch either end and connected by a long loggia, such as is used in farmyards for sheltering implements, are of red brick and of plain, unpretentious design.

Sir Francis was succeeded by his son as the sixth baronet, who died unmarried in 1880, when his cousin, the present

owner of Foremark, succeeded to the title and estates, which include also Ramsbury, in Wiltshire, brought in by the second wife of the builder.

As we said at the outset, Foremark is a typical Palladian house, which its particularly charming and harmonious gardens render in no small degree outstanding. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE TREES OF TAYSIDE

BY GERTRUDE BONE.

IF you set off to Loch Tay for the purpose of seeking unusual trees, you will, of course, be at some trouble to find them, especially when you start with the information from the guide-book that the "oldest authentic specimen of vegetation in Europe" is the yew tree of Fortingall on Loch Tay; that the oldest holly tree in Great Britain, one of the oldest oak trees and one of the greatest vines in Scotland, with the only rosary tree in the British Isles, grow in the valley of Tay-side.

To judge from the symmetry and magnificent growth of its ordinary trees, the district, warm and humid and soft, of Loch Tay is seldom visited by violent or wrenching storms, and one is not surprised to find that the Gaelic name Loch Tatha means "tranquil lake." The sycamores, for instance, grow to an unusual size and age here, and if one is only familiar with the bunchy, top-heavy tree common in the English woodland, the massive stature and dignity of the full-grown sycamore astonishes agreeably. The large, roughly shaped leaf, so much too big for the half-grown tree, clothes the grey limbs of these giant sycamores proportionately, and, lifted to greater height, the liability to disfigurement by fungus is less obvious.

The beech and the lime one expects to find of beautiful development in Scotland, and those of the Tayside district are of the loveliest, the trunk growing to a greater height than in England before the branches emerge.

The hornbeam and gean, too, attain the dignity of forest trees, but it is when the old yew of Fortingall is visited that one really understands what is meant by age in a tree. "The oldest authentic specimen of vegetation in Europe," of the age of King Solomon, over two thousand years old, says tradition; and though antiquity and yew trees seem an inseparable combination, accustomed as one is to the association of the churchyard yew and the Doomsday Book, I had certainly never seen any growth quite so ancient as this mummy-case of a tree. "A living thing; produced too slowly ever to decay"; ancient with an incredible age, the green growth emerging from the centre of the old case of the trunk, its resemblance to something old and dry in a museum is increased by the wall which now encloses it and through the openings of which one peers as into a case in a gallery.

When Pennant made his tour in Scotland in the eighteenth century the girth of the yew was 56ft., and whether the tradition that Pontius Pilate was born at Fortingall during the Roman occupation of that camp be more ingenious than credible, the tree would have been sufficiently large at that time for him to have swung on its branches.

The trunk of an old yew always seems more a thing of metal than of vegetation. It seems impossible that sap should flow within a substance looking so like iron, and in this survival

from other centuries at Fortingall one might have laid bare the rusty keel of a Roman galley, so like castaway metal does this relic appear. One takes age for granted in the yew tree, but one does not often associate the holly with great age or size, so that the judgment holly tree of Black Duncan Campbell in Finlarig Castle is even more remarkable in some ways than the yew of Fortingall. In the really good old days, when you came riding to a castle and they hanged you first to make sure and asked who you were afterwards, there was a mound of judgment crowned by a holly bush in this fortress of the Campbells. Now the bush is the size of a forest tree, the largest holly in Great Britain. The leaves are spineless, of course, though the shoots sent up from the root still put out a tender spine, but the tree is too ancient to flower,

nor are berries ever seen on the judgment holly. The hanging oak in the hollow beside the mound, one of the oldest in Scotland, is not remarkable in size compared with many trees in the New Forest, nor does the oak tree seem to be a noticeable tree in Scotland; but one stands beside the hanging tree with other feelings than that of interest in the specimen. "Ye'll understand, please," says the keeper, "this castle belongit tae the Campbells. Nae Macgregor ever got in here except for to be hangit. Black Duncan hangit sixty Macgregors in one day on that tree."

One has a feeling that the tree was somehow to blame, and if oak trees were ever worshipped in these islands, one would expect this one to be propitiated and hung round with offerings. Its companion and keeper, however, was troubled by no such scruples, but he was uneasy as a Presbyterian about the rosary tree. "I'll show it to ye, now, but ye'll promise me one thing! Ye'll no be worshipping that instead of your Maker!" It is a tree of insignificant growth, very easy to mistake for an elder tree at first sight,

and the fruit, the cherished bead, hangs in a little bladder like the Cape gooseberry. No one seems to know why it should have been planted, the only one of its kind, in Britain. An interloper apparently, in the keeper's opinion, by no means so satisfactory a business as the grown oak upon which Macgregors could be so easily disposed of.

"Nature teaches ye a lot of things," said our friend the keeper, but nature bamboozled him over the Spanish chestnut, for one day it bore fruit as it had never done to his knowledge before, as, coming to his garden one morning, he found some spiky green objects on the ground. "And d'ye ken, I thought they was living!" he said with a laugh. "I didna ken what sort of things they was, and I said, I'll just leave them a-be till the morning and see if they're living. A kind of peculiar hedgehog ye ken, that's what I thought them. Ay! they was there in the morning all right," he added with a laugh, "but ye ken I'd never seen the like o' them before."



THE JUDGMENT HOLLY AT FINLARIG CASTLE.

DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

X.—TEACHING TO JUMP FENCES AND GATES, TOGETHER WITH SEASONABLE HINTS.

NOTHING is more disappointing than to see an otherwise willing and eager dog making futile attempts to find an easy passage through gate, fence or other obstacle. Though a puppy may have learnt to get through any ordinary fence and use the necessary perseverance in finding a gap, his efforts are baulked in presence of a hedge faced with palings or wire netting, while some are so compactly trimmed as to be impossible at the ground level. The order must then become "Get over," a sprightly response always compelling the admiration of onlookers. All dogs, both retrievers and spaniels, should be taught to jump wire netting, also hurdles and gates, and proficiency, coupled with a ready response to the order, can only be imparted by a course of instruction on prepared ground.

The jumping of wire netting can, to some extent, be taught in the rabbit pen, since the pupil may just as well enter by leaping as by going through the gate. For more serious practice, a length of netting, of good substance to ensure visibility, should be tightly stretched in a suitable place, and it is all the better if some twine is run round the top strand. Since a dog does not take a flying leap except when bursting with energy, all early lessons should be conducted with artificial fences strongly supported so as to withstand the climbing action of the fore feet and the powerful thrust of the hind legs when the summit has been reached. In the case of fences there should be no crevices at the top such as might cause nervousness by entangling or pinching the feet. When confidence has been gained the necessity to provide against minor mishaps disappears.

The actual jumping is taught by throwing the dummy over the particular fence in use and, after a due interval, sending the pupil to fetch it. A height of 3ft. is ample for the first attempts. An eager dog readily learns to fly the netting, both in going out and coming back, but as exuberance dies down he will land on the top. As soon as the pupil reaches the stage where he jumps without hesitation, a fresh dummy is used which has been weighted up to about 3½lb. to accord with the burden represented by a cock pheasant. Many dogs which will jump freely with the light dummy are inclined to show unwillingness and seek a circular route when the burden of true game is reproduced; and as the weight handicap occurs under real conditions its introduction must not be unduly delayed. Moreover, the weighted dummy helps to develop the muscles of the neck, which is most important bearing in mind how soon the pupil will be called upon to retrieve heavy game.

As soon as the wire netting section of the lesson has been satisfactorily learnt the next obstacle used is a sheep hurdle, this, again, being sturdily fixed and so located that the dog is bound to jump it, both in going out and coming back. Should the hurdle be insecurely fixed and happen to give way under one of the early jumps, there is a risk of implanting nervousness with regard to a task which should always be fearlessly and vigorously performed. In due course the scene of operations may be transferred to an ordinary field gate, one being chosen which discourages any attempt to get through, under or round. Very often one sees quite competent retrievers sadly baulked on finding they cannot get through a gate. They try one place after another and lose much valuable time in seeking an easy passage. Though all animals follow the line of least resistance, a series of lessons in jumping the commoner

obstacles suggests the elevated route either on their own initiative or in response to a word of encouragement from their master. The correct method is to jump on and off the top; but, as this comes easiest and is instinctive, there is no need to discourage the exuberance which is manifested in the flying leap. As the pictures tell the rest of the story, I can deal with one or two general subjects that need attention at this stage.

For a start I cannot do better than explain why the trainer should, if possible, work his dogs on ground where they are likely



ENCOURAGING A BEGINNER.



HE DECIDES TO FETCH THE DUMMY.



RETURNING IN TRIUMPH.

to come across unshot game, both fur and feather, thus aiding the pupil at an early stage to identify the scent of game lying naturally. Incidentally, it affords numerous opportunities to check any inclination to chase or follow the line of ground game that has gone away. The command "No!" or "Leave it!" sufficiently conveys the prohibition, but the trainer must be ever alert to see that his wishes are obeyed. Very quickly the pupil perceives what is intended, the constant utterance of the word "No" in respect to ground game supplying a valuable means hereafter of dealing with any suddenly arising temptation.

In the case of a retriever, every possible opportunity should be taken to traverse land carrying game, this on occasions when shooting is not in the programme. If everything that got up were saluted, the purpose of the instruction would be missed, for the whole object is to get the pupil to take no notice and, therefore, the greater the amount of game that gets up the better. Similar instruction should be given to such spaniels as are being trained as no-slip retrievers. On the other hand, this section of work must be omitted in the case of the spaniel which is to perform its more natural part as a Jack-of-all-trades, or, as it has so often been called, the sportsman's handyman. In his case all the items of training are specially directed to encourage him to hunt up and push out all the game he finds, his mannerisms conveying information as to whether it is good or wounded game, fur or feather, which is engaging his attention.

The time of year justifies a few remarks on the importance of getting dogs into fit and hard condition for the opening of the shooting season, for all of us can recall instances where they have not been in a state to do themselves justice for want of proper exercise. Although everybody knows that pointers and setters must be carefully prepared beforehand for the arduous work that lies before them, retrievers and spaniels by comparison are sadly neglected. Beyond being let out of the kennel, morning and evening, for the few minutes of necessary scamper, real exercise is oftentimes neglected right up to the time when serious work begins. August and September are particularly trying months, and no animal feels the heat worse than a dog; add to this the discomfort of relaxed muscles and tender feet, and nobody can wonder if they seem slack and indifferent over their work, panting after the slightest exertion and suffering unduly from thirst.



PERHAPS THE MOST SPIRITED JUMPER AMONG SPANIELS.

other hand, the cycle is pre-eminent in providing the means for those sharp bursts of speed which most nearly reproduce service conditions.

The conditioning should begin fully a month before the opening of the season. For the first week a steady pace not exceeding seven miles per hour should be observed, and the distance covered should be about four miles daily. The second and following weeks double the distance may be covered, and the sprints may gradually be speeded up to the best pace of which the cyclist is capable. At such times water must be available as required, and on chalk lands particular attention must be devoted to this necessity, also extra good food must be provided to assist the muscle-building processes.

A very valuable alternative to the cycle, which introduces retrieving practice as well, is provided by the dummy. In the course of the walk this may be thrown, in sight of the dog or dogs, into any piece of adjoining covert, the party being kept strictly at heel while the next hundred or more yards are walked. One of the dogs is then addressed by name, the order "Hie, Lost!" being given. To get him to rush straight to the spot, returning in triumph with the dummy, is not only to practise him in the work that lies ahead, but also a means of getting that particular hundred yards covered an additional twice, and that at full gallop.

The time of year may also justify a few hints on the treatment of a puppy after returning from his course of training by a professional. No greater mistake can be made than to assume such dogs are unspoilable, the care needed concerning not only his discipline in the shooting field but proper kennelling between times. To allow a young dog his liberty is to court disaster, since more often than not there are other dogs about, and nothing is more natural than that they should go out self-hunting.



THREE STUDIES OF A BIG-BONED LABRADOR WHICH IS A CHAMPION JUMPER.

Nothing better exists than the ordinary pedal cycle for exercising dogs, provided that roads free from motor traffic are available, and if the run is given before breakfast the possibility of accidents from the cause named is much reduced. When using a bicycle for this purpose regard must be paid to the style of work which best suits a dog's constitution. A long gruelling run at uniform high speed is not so beneficial as a series of short sprints with breathing time between; in fact, the thing may be so overdone as to reach the limit of cruelty. On the

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FLYING LEAP WITH THE DUMMY BY A GOLDEN RETRIEVER.

Once this has happened it is a case of good-bye to all future steadiness, for, although the trained dog has been taught not to chase, he will quickly break the rule under the bad example of other dogs. He will also learn to follow up the line of good game and often turn hard-mouthed as a consequence of catching rabbits, perhaps pulling them out of their holes, killing, eating or leaving them behind, as the whim of the moment may decide. After such an experience he will prove unreliable in retrieving.

The only way of keeping a young dog under control is to house him in a proper kennel. His morning and evening exercise, which should never be less than half an hour, will then be taken under the supervision of one who thereby becomes his personal attendant, so continuing the tradition which was established

during the training period. If his master can spare the time for this duty, so much the better, for an opportunity is given to establish that perfect understanding which should mark their future relations. Should nobody be available, no particular harm results from allowing the dog to run about the yard during the two daily spells of liberty, always provided that any other dogs which are usually loose are shut up during the time. Whatever other precautions are needful, they should be taken in order to deprive the puppy of all opportunity to go away self-hunting. If the spell gets broken, not only is the money which has been spent thrown away, but in all probability the trainer will be blamed for the bad habits which are bound to develop from causes entirely beyond his control.

R. SHARPE.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

Tutankhamen and the Discovery of his Tomb, by Professor G. Elliot Smith, F.R.S. (Routledge, 4s. 6d. net.)

THE amount of literature written around Tutankhamen is like a ring of mushrooms sprung up in the night round nothing at all! But here the simile ends, for, if the "centre" be "the youthful nonentity" whom nobody troubled much about until more than three thousand years after his death, his name will at least have served as an excuse for the publication of a great deal of intensely interesting matter concerning the period of history to which he belonged, and calculated to arouse and stimulate a deeper insight into that almost limitless "yesterday" before the Christian era. To this category, and in the foremost rank, Professor G. Elliot Smith's *Tutankhamen* belongs; but the Royal hero himself, for lack of definite information regarding him, is somewhat summarily dealt with and dismissed in the Introduction, the real interest of the book lying, not in the personality of a king about whom so little is known, but in the general account and explanation of the religious beliefs and burial customs of his time which were a return to the established religion of the country, immediately following the so-called heresy of Akhenaten's reign. In dealing with the origins of these beliefs the Professor adopts the hitherto accepted theory, which is now at the Bar of Archaeological Enquiry as defendant in the Cradle case of "Mesopotamia *versus* Egypt." But the pages of his book are full of deep interest; the uninitiated will be fired with desire for a still deeper knowledge of the subject; and for those already acquainted with Egyptology there will be much food for thought and further research.

The Winding Stair, by A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

MR. A. E. W. MASON'S new novel will transport his many admirers to Morocco, and that, with the fact that the hero, Paul Ravel, English though he is, is a brilliant young officer in the French Army, should ensure an eager demand for it, for here are obvious elements of high romance. The "winding stair" which Paul has to climb is the one which leads from the disgrace in which his father died, an English officer convicted of deserting, to an honourable place in the sight of all men and a name of which he need no more be ashamed. And Paul, already well on the way up that stair, meets at a drinking den in Casablanca a little English dancing girl who, as one of her piteous comrades tells him, has kept herself apart unsullied, waiting for a grand passion. Circumstances almost force Paul to take Margaret under his protection, and after a time of secret happiness in a hidden house in Fez he has to choose between deserting from the army, as his father did, and leaving her to face death alone. The rest of the story, the dramatic scene when Paul's great friend, Gerard de Montignac, finds them hidden in the sacred city of Mulai Idris and does not give him up to justice, and the long penance which justified his leniency, are in Mr. Mason's most romantic vein. Margaret is not a distinguished personality, but she is a distinguished lover, and it is all to Mr. Mason's credit that he has resisted the temptation to make her both.

Prunello, by S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.)

IS it possible that Mr. Mais had forgotten, until somebody happened to mention it, that he had promised to let his publisher have a new novel by July, and that *Prunello* had, accordingly, to be written, with

gusts of furious industry, in about ten days? The hypothesis would explain much that is curious about the book, its frequent exaggerations, its occasional lapses into a dullness unworthy of its author, and the tendency towards a sort of impetuous tautology. It might even explain why we are expected to believe in the Managing Editor of a London newspaper who could not find a chair to sit on in his own office, and who in one hour "wrote a thousand words, interviewed twelve callers and answered over sixty telephone calls." However, *Prunello* is quite a readable book. It is concerned with a young journalist who meets a girl of family and circumstances superior to his own and is compelled by his "inferiority complex" (presumably we are all acquainted now with that Freudian phrase) to make her thoroughly familiar with his dreadful family, his inconstant self and his appallingly vulgar newspaper. In the process he nearly loses her, but all comes right in the end. The book derives a good deal of charm from Mr. Mais' neat dialogue and his always apt quotations from the less known classics.

The Yard, by Horace Annesley Vachell. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

The Yard is a novel that neatly combines the pleasures of three chases, the fox, a murderer and love, and so is sure of a welcome from the three large publics that delight in sporting, detective and love stories. Tom Kinsman, the horse-dealing hero, is an attractive character, and equally so is his daughter, "Missy," who, deserted in early childhood by a worthless mother, grows up to be an accomplished rider, a sterling character, and an educated, charming young woman. But all the subsidiary characters, too, are firmly drawn, and particularly good is the sketch of the relationship between a modern father and son, best summed up, perhaps, in the father's humorous reflection, "I should be more inclined to give my consent to their marriage if it was quite certain that they fully intended to marry without it." Mr. Vachell also supplies much hunting lore, any number of lights on tricks of the horse-dealing trade, and something quite new in implements of murder; so it will be a captious reader who can find no literary nag to his taste in *The Yard*.

SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

QUALITY makes up for quantity in the case of the day's books, which are few but have a large proportion of more than average interest. *The Eleventh Volume of the Walpole Society 1922-1923* (Walpole Society, subscribers only) is an extraordinarily fine production; in passing—for further reference will be made to it in these pages—it must suffice to mention that one of the papers, "Edward Pierce the Sculptor," by Rachael Poole, is illustrated by some most interesting reproductions of busts by Pierce in marble and bronze, one—that of Wren in the Ashmolean Museum—with a wonderful modelling of the facial muscles which almost conveys an impression of a flickering smile. From the Architectural Press comes *Sir Christopher Wren 1632-1723*, with contributions by Paul Waterhouse, Sir Reginald Blomfield, Stanley C. Ramsey, Frederick R. Hiorns, Walter H. Godfrey, Professor

Patrick Abercrombie, E. Beresford Chancellor and Mervyn E. Macartney; the price is 7s. 6d. *Mussolini: The Birth of the New Democracy* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 5s.) is by Miss G. M. Godden, whose writings have for years been well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE; and another contributor whose work has reached us in book form is Mr. Ernest Law, C.B., whose *Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton Court* (Bell, 2s.) will be welcomed by all who enjoyed his charming article "My Lorde Cardinal's Lodgings" at Hampton Court Palace" in our last week's issue.

Two excellent volumes of a topographical interest are *Switzerland* (Macmillan, 15s.), by Findlay Muirhead, one of "The Blue Guides," full of information most conveniently offered and covering not only Switzerland and Chamonix but the Italian Lakes; and *The Bath Road* (Cecil Palmer, 7s. 6d.), a revised edition of one of those pleasant treatises by means of which Mr. C. G. Harper makes English highways tell their own tale that he who runs or motors may read. *A propos of motoring, Motor Do's and Don'ts* (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), by Mr. Harold Pemberton, has also been received.

A belated copy of a remarkable first novel has reached us this week—*Star of Earth* (Heinemann, 6s.), by Mr. Morris Dallett, about which I shall certainly have more to say. *Tales of the Ivory Trade* (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. Alexander Barns, whose articles on "The Greatest Ape" appeared

in our issue of December 2nd last year and created a great deal of interest among people who love firsthand accounts of strange lands. *Under the Red Flag* (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. Max Joseph Pemberton; *The Three Fires* (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), by Miss Amelia Josephine Burr; and *The First Good Joy* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), an outstanding novel by Mrs. C. A. Nicholson. *Fields of Sleep*, by Mr. E. Charles Vivian, and *The Mating of Marcus*, by Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy, are both published by Messrs. Hutchinson at 7s. 6d.; and *The Sinister Mark*, by Lee Thayer, at the same price by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

The *South American Jungle Tales* of Horacio Quiroga, translated from the Spanish by Mr. Arthur Livingston, reach us from Messrs. Methuen, published at 6s., stories of animals, such as "How the Rays Defended the Ford," "The Alligator War" and "How the Flamingoes Got Their Stockings." A version of *The Cyclops* (Cambridge University Press, 1s.), freely translated from Euripides and adapted for performance in English by Mr. J. T. Sheppard, Fellow of King's College, has also reached us.

The first number, that for July, of *The Stoic* (Stowe School, 2s.), the magazine of Stowe School, is a very well got up and illustrated production which leaves the impression that the transformation of the palace into the public school was a fine inspiration. S.

MOSSY SAXIFRAGES

IT is a curious thing that the Mossy Saxifrages, which make such an invaluable and showy splash in the rock garden, go practically unnoticed in the Alps. After all the years I have suffered from the habit of dashing off to the mountains on every possible and impossible occasion, I now only carry in my mind one picture of a mossy saxifrage making a really distinctive feature in the landscape, and that particular species, although it is by far the largest of all the tribe, and possibly the handsomest, is hardly ever seen in gardens. It was many years ago that I was plant hunting in the Pyrenees, working up the wild, wet rocky slope which leads to the Lac d'Oo (above Luchon), and there I came upon two good saxifrages of the greatest possible value and charm. One was a tiny London Pride, *S. primuloides*, and among the thousands through which I hunted was one single plant of dwarf and fairy habit, and of a deeper, richer pink than all the rest. That plant was collected, and has since multiplied exceedingly, and found its way into countless gardens as *S. primuloides* Elliott's variety. The other species on the same stream-soaked ground was the true *S. aquatica*. It grew in all the little water runnels that threaded down between the big mossy rocks of the slope, a giant among mossies, extremely handsome, and absolutely distinct—loose colonies of enormous leaf rosettes of apple green velvet, 6ins. to 9ins. across, the largest of them throwing up huge fat velvet flower-stems with blunt spikes of pure white blossom atop. I do not think that the true *S. aquatica* was at that time in cultivation in English gardens. Kew had not got it, nor Edinburgh, I had never seen it in any garden, and no nursery had ever sent me the true thing. Needless to say, I collected roots of it and have grown it ever since, though once I lost it through carelessness in a hot, dry summer. Fortunately, however, I had given a piece to a neighbour, and was able to make good my loss. This largest and handsomest of all the mossy saxifrages must be given a cool, damp corner to get the best out of it, and probably that little extra attention that it demands has stood in the way of its becoming a generally popular plant. I have tried crossing it with its red-flowered cousins, *S. bathoniensis*, *S. Red Admiral* and so forth, but the offspring were always true *aquatica* again.

As a race the mossy saxifrages seem to cross, recross and intermarry with bewildering freedom, with the result that an enormous number of bastards have sprung up, some of them brilliant, invaluable garden plants, and others coarse and hideous degenerates. The most remarkable have been given names, and, as always happens with an easily crossed, easily raised

race of plants, high-sounding names have been given to many varieties which are remarkable only for size and ugliness. The first real break in the cross-bred, red-flowered mossy saxifrages occurred many, many years ago when Guildford Seedling was published by the late Mr. Selfe Leonard to an astonished and delighted garden world. I am not certain of the parentage of this delightful plant, but I fancy the tiny *S. muscoides atropurpurea* was the proud papa. However that may be, Guildford Seedling was, and is, a charming little plant, dwarf, neat, a good grower, with flowers of brilliant, sparkling red, and to my mind it still remains among the best of all the red mossies. How often it happens that a first or an early production in a new race of plants remains unsurpassed by countless later "improvements." Take daffodils as an example—*Narcissus* Emperor, Empress and *Horsfieldii*. Have they ever been surpassed for honest garden splendour? Or the original wild hybrid *N. triandrus* Queen of Spain, has that ever been beaten for grace and exquisite refinement? Honestly, I think not, except, perhaps, in the eyes of those experts who assess their daffodils with the aid of a foot rule and a plumb-line at the shows. Another of the older red mossies is *Bathoniensis*, larger than Guildford Seedling and stronger growing, but a fine, handsome thing of splendid crimson colour. Among the best white hybrids is the little-known *Glasnevin Beauty*. The flowers are large and round and well

formed with overlapping petals of ivory white. It originated at the Glasnevin Botanic Gardens, Dublin, and was sent to me from there a few years before the war by the late Mr. Ball. Lady Dean has largish flowers of palest flesh pink and is beautiful, though a trifle too tall. *Red Admiral* and *Crimson King* are both popular reds, rich and handsome and without coarseness, while *Beauty of Letchworth* is lighter in tone and has a quite distinct habit of growth. A fault common to almost all the red mossies is that the flowers tend to bleach under the influence of strong light. The larger and darker the flowers the worse this is. Some of the largest and latest and most expensive turn the most revolting stale beef colour. To evade this trouble they should be grown in shade.

One of the best of the white mossies is that fine old hybrid *S. Wallacei*. It is said to have originated at Edinburgh in 1890 as a cross between *S. mawearna* × *Camposii leptophylla*. It is a strong grower, with handsome fresh green foliage and large flowers of clear dead white, but it is terribly susceptible to sunstroke. A shady position, rich soil with plenty of leaf-mould in it, and provision against drought in a hot summer are what it demands.

A very pretty species is *S. cæspitosa*, neat in habit,



SAXIFRAGA PEDEMONTANA IN KEW ROCK GARDEN.

though a fairly rapid grower. Its chief charm lies in its winter foliage. All through the summer this is quite ordinary and green, but in autumn it turns to red, shading from a festive auburn to crimson, and so it remains till spring, when an emerald spot appears in the centre of each rosette and grows from the centre outward till all is green again. I do not know the origin of this good plant nor whence it comes.

S. geranioides is a distinct and handsome species with dark green leaves of rather hard, firm texture and tall, wiry sprays of pretty pure white flowers. It is much like an enlarged edition of the old *S. hypnoides* or "Dovedale Moss," which is such a favourite edging plant in cottage gardens. Then there is a distinct and curious Spanish variety of *S. geranioides* called *ladanifera*. In winter the leaves of this strange plant take on a thick resinous bloom, which gives the plant a blue-grey appearance, almost suggesting an attack of silver leaf. *S. geranioides* var. *ladanifera* is rare in gardens, but well worth growing. Both the type and *ladanifera* will stand a good deal more sun than most mossy saxifrages.

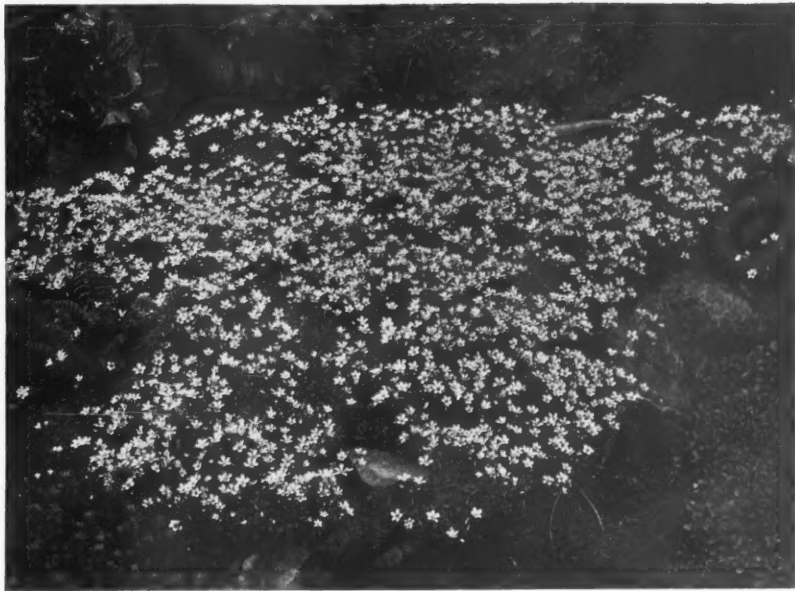
Our own native meadow saxifrage, *S. granulata*, has been used occasionally to cross with the mossies, but charming though the meadow saxifrage itself is, its influence in these forced marriages has not been good. Too great length of stalk and coarseness of flower have almost always been the result.

The double-flowered variety of *S. granulata* is a handsome plant well worth growing. It blossoms about the end of May and in early June, standing 6 ins. to 9 ins. high, with showy heads of pure white, rather large and fully double flowers. After flowering, the plant disappears, leaving not a leaf above ground. This need not worry the unwary. It is the natural habit of the plant. No need to write and scold the nurseryman who supplied it. In a few weeks a thick crop of fresh green leaves will appear. The root system of *S. granulata* is peculiar, as it forms a number of little round bulbs or tubers just below the ground surface. These little bulbils afford a ready means for increasing the plant. They may be dug up after flowering-time, divided and replanted just under the surface of the soil, and each will soon make a flourishing plant. I know few plants which respond so freely to good cultivation—replanting in rich soil—as this double meadow saxifrage, and it is one of those plants which are more beautiful when fatly grown than when starved.

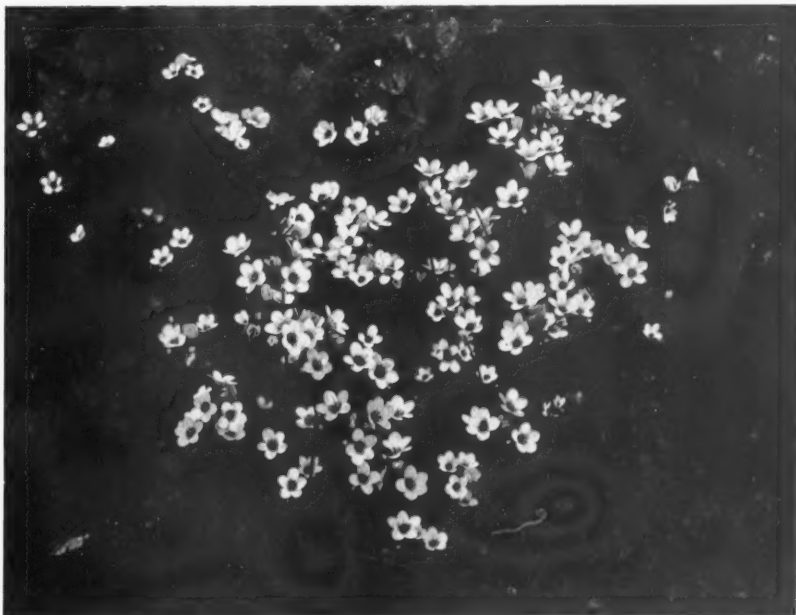
The cultivation of mossy saxifrages is delightfully simple. Any decent, light, rich soil suits them. Cool, heavy soils are better than hot, sandy ones, and partially shady aspects are better than full blazing sun, especially for the red varieties. They soon form splendid rounded cushions of fresh, green, moss-like foliage, which are extremely attractive even when not in flower, but after a few years these great cushions exhaust themselves. They die out at the centre and become patchy and brown. This evil may be averted for a considerable time by top-dressing the clumps with fine soil and sifted leaf-soil. The way to do this is to sprinkle the soil thickly all over the plants and then tease it in down between the rosettes. Keep on adding more and more until the cushion will not absorb another crumb. The plants should be dry when the top-dressing is done, and the top-dressing soil, too, should be reasonably dry. It works in much more readily. But a good watering may be given directly after to wash all in and to make all clean. Directly after flowering is a good time for this top-dressing, though for that matter practically any time of year will do.

All the mossy saxifrages are very easily propagated. Tufts or, with new and rare sorts, single rosettes may be pulled off and dibbled into soil, and will quickly make root. Seed, too, may be saved from the best sorts and sown in a shady place, and from seed new and desirable varieties may result.

CLARENCE ELLIOTT.



SAXIFRAGA WALLACEI, A STRONG AND VIGOROUS GROWER.



OUR OWN NATIVE MEADOW SAXIFRAGE, *S. GRANULATA*.



S. BATHONIENSIS, AN OLD HYBRID AND AN OLD FAVOURITE.

THE MOUSE-HARE

THE depression of the monsoons had given place to those glorious dark blue skies of early October and the clear atmosphere which brought into view the ever lessening hills as they rolled away in varying waves to meet the blue horizon of the far distant plains to the south. To the north a great granite wall rose perpendicular from the wooded slopes and towered in its vast immensity of, beetling crags and serried ridges, clear-cut and gigantic, beneath its canopy of fresh-fallen and glistening snows.

A number of Himalayan griffons and a lammergeyer or two soared on steady pinions in the clear blue sky; and a flock of choughs, of the red-billed variety, cut capers and called merrily to each other over the boulder-strewn plateau. A pair of golden eagles skirted over the wooded ravines, and a thousand tiny eyes regarded their passage from under cover of leafy glens, the owners not daring to so much as move a feather until those dreaded forms had passed.

A tiny wooden hut, graced by the name of a forest rest-house, nestled among the rocks just above an oak forest immediately below the summit of a spur which shielded it from the raging winds of winter, and on a grey boulder in front of the veranda sat a tiny brown dot, immovable except for its long whiskers, which vibrated to every motion of the twitching nose, and a minute glistening eye. A shadow passing, a sudden movement in the vicinity, or the least "crick" of a twig, and the little thing dashed off its coign of vantage and disappeared in one of a hundred holes. A few minutes later a rufous head and the same glistening eye would emerge, and take in the situation as to whether it was safe to venture farther afield or not. Not a single turn to the right or left, but as though carved out of wood, except for the glinting eye and the twitching nose, the little thing would sit motionless for some minutes. Satisfied that all was well, there would be a spasmodic movement of the head and four minute velvet feet would act in unison, and convert the little carved figure into an extremely sprightly mouse-hare, or pika, of the Himalayas.

These tiny little rodents, not unlike guinea-pigs, are closely allied to the hares and rabbits and, on account of their retiring habits, little or nothing is known of their private life. They are very common all over the Himalayas from about 7,000ft. to 16,000ft. above sea level, and few sportsmen who have roamed the mountains in quest of game could have failed to at least see a few of them.

I had long coveted one as a pet, and had tried all manner of devices to trap one, but in vain. No kind of bait, from unleavened bread to roasted cheese, and even various grasses, had the effect of bringing one into a trap. A little patience and careful watching of its pretty ways at last had the desired effect. It became obvious that the mouse-hare was possessed of a most confiding nature, and much might be accomplished if one went about it the right way. No hurry, no sudden movements or sharp noises, but every action slow and deliberate, and the confidence of the little rodent was a foregone conclusion. A party of us sat in the veranda of the forest rest-house lazily watching a flock of sheep wending their way down the slope of the opposite hill; and as we watched, a tiny brown head appeared from a hole in a stone wall, and after regarding us intently for a few seconds, the head, followed by the furry body, emerged and jumped down on to the green turf below and promptly began on its evening meal. Here was my opportunity to become better acquainted. Leaving the veranda I cautiously went down the steps and stood before the astonished mouse-hare at a distance of some ten yards. It stopped eating and "froze." I followed suit. A minute or two later the little jaws began working again, and I very deliberately lifted one foot and very slowly carried it forward a few inches in front of the other. The jaws continued to work and I took courage to lift up the other foot, and had got my toe on to the ground when once more the jaws stopped working and a tiny bead of an eye glinted suspiciously. The result was a weary and somewhat painful wait for me, with one toe just touching the ground, well in advance of the other.

In, perhaps, half an hour I found myself on one knee within three feet of the little mouse-hare. Twice had it take alarm and dashed into one of a dozen holes, only to reappear a minute later and continue its dinner, and that also gave me a little respite to change a cramped position. Movement now did not matter so much, and I found I could move my head or my arms, so long as I did so

slowly and deliberately. I could even carry on a conversation with the others, provided it was done in a monotonous drone. We were now almost good friends, and at this rate much might be achieved by the following day. A long bit of straw lay near my foot and I quietly picked it up and poised the other end over the back of the little rodent. Just then it finished a long bit of leaf it had been munching, and took two hops in my direction, which considerably reduced the distance between us. Slowly I lowered the straw until the point touched its back. For an instant the little beast "froze," then sat up on its haunches and, seeing nothing but the straw, smelt it, and continued its search for more leaves. My plan of campaign was decided upon there and then, and the straw had given me an idea, but this must wait until the morrow, and for the present let us watch it feed.

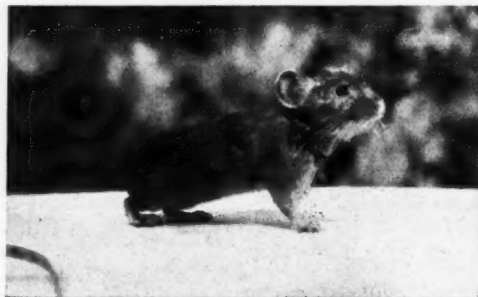
Its every action is quick and springy. A sudden grab at the root of a potentilla and the sharp incisors would get a good grip, and thereafter a couple of sharp jerks and out would come some six inches of stalk with a bunch of leaves on top. The little beast would sit still, its forepaws on the ground in front, holding the plant like a pipe, with the leaves doing duty for the bowl, and holding the stalk whence it had been bitten off. Just for an instant it would remain immovable and then the jaws would begin to work at a terrific speed and, visibly, the distance between the leaves and their final destination would be reduced, as though by suction, and a minute later the mouse-hare would be tugging hard at a second helping. Clover, potentilla and dock leaves would disappear one after another at an amazing pace, and one was left wondering where they were all to be stowed away!

One instant a round furry ball with a slight projection in which were embedded two black beads of eyes and a wobbling nose, and the very next, as though a spring or electric button had been touched, a long rodent of some nine inches, with neck, body, well defined head, feet and legs, and as instantaneously, the very next instant a round ball once more. Quicksilver and wires wrapped round by fur. A tempting morsel for yon buzzard sailing round in the clear blue sky above. A shadow, a swish of descending wings, and the rodent has put its springs and wires into action and one of a hundred holes has swallowed it, and left you and the buzzard wondering whether it was an optical delusion or whether something really had been there!

Next evening I waited ready equipped for the mouse-hare to make its appearance. A very fine twig some eighteen inches in length, and a bit of twine attached to the end with a running noose, and I was ready to try and angle for the pika. I had not long to wait. The same deliberate actions of the day before had the same effect, and resulted in my ultimately approaching within two or three feet. A slight "crunch" of gravel under my feet and the little thing vanished into a hole, giving me an opportunity to lie down flat and adjust my noose. A minute's wait and it was out again and the noose came round and dangled over its head and finally touched a whisker. The rodent sat up and smelt the twine and placed one toe in it. A jerk upwards and it would be caught by the toe; but the foot is a delicate member and might be hurt or even broken, so the noose must be lowered until the foot is withdrawn. The action draws the noose and makes it too small to go over the head, so it has to be drawn back and readjusted. It all takes time, but at long last the little beast is dangling in the air, piping and protesting. The noose is exchanged for a doeskin collar which had already been prepared, and the little thing is let go at the end of a long string. We expected it to dash around and hang itself and tie itself in a hundred knots, but it did nothing of the kind. As soon as it touched ground it began to eat a clover leaf that grew just where it fell. This was uncanny! I put down a gloved hand, quite expecting to feel sharp teeth meeting through the leather, but it did not make the smallest attempt to bite. It sat on the sleeve of my bent arm and, having demolished a few more leaves, went through an elaborate toilet, as though it had sat on bent arms all its life and listened to human beings making rude remarks. This was weird in the extreme: the thing must have been tamed and escaped, or had a bee in its bonnet! It was incumbent on me immediately to catch

another and to see if it, too, behaved in this extraordinary way.

The very next morning we located another in almost the self-same spot, and that afternoon it, too, dangled at the end of an 18in. rod and a



VICTORIA ALERT.



A FURRY BALL.

line. While it dangled, a hand, ungloved this time, went to its rescue, and within three minutes of its capture it too, had a doeskin collar, and within five minutes was safely seated on my sleeve demolishing potentilla stalks and leaves, oblivious of all around it, save its dinner. My young hopeful executed a war dance and insisted on calling the first caught "Victoria" and the other "Albert," so Victoria and Albert they became! We expected Victoria to be overjoyed at the advent of Albert, but she treated his arrival with utter scorn, and when he came too near, instead of rubbing noses in the approved way and welcoming a long-lost husband, or brother, or, at least, an old and tried friend, since they both occupied the same network of burrows, Victoria flew at Albert and bit him. Albert returned the compliment; and thereafter they turned their backs on one another and ignored the other's existence.

Next day we had to return to headquarters, and Albert and Victoria were provided with a little hutch divided into two compartments with an opening from the one to the other. They could remain apart if they so wished, or they could make up the quarrel through the opening and live together. Next day, Albert looked a bit down-hearted, refused his food and felt cold to the touch. He was immediately removed and put into cotton-wool with a hot-water bottle beneath him, but he sank rapidly and died within the hour. A *post mortem* revealed a nasty bruise on the back of the neck and the marks of two sharp teeth on the lower part of the throat. Poor Albert, the victim of, perhaps, a disappointed or a jealous woman, and Victoria, a traitress to her own kind and a murderess of the deepest dye! Perhaps our method of introduction left something to be desired, or—but what is the use of speculating on what the cause was or might have been? Albert was dead, winter fast approaching, and another Albert had to be found!

In the meantime Victoria flourished. The leaves of the lower altitude to which she had been brought agreed with her,

and she got as tame as any self-respecting wild thing could ever get, and appeared quite to enjoy her new surroundings and was by no means averse to having a fat finger tickling the back of her ear.

From the antics of Mr. and Mrs. *Lagomys roylei* it seems pretty evident that the species does not really hibernate during the winter. It collects a big store of fodder, and so probably carries on a lively existence in the labyrinth of underground channels, because, if it slept, like its far-removed cousin, the red flying-squirrel, it would not need so much to eat.

It is said of the Himalayan mouse-hare that it has not been known to pipe, but Victoria dispelled this theory. She piped lustily when first caught, and has done so at odd moments since, but the pipe is so very shrill, and yet so soft, that it is only heard at a few feet.

There are altogether some five species of these pretty little rodents known to India, all inhabitants of high mountain ranges. Three of these have moderate ears—i.e., less than an inch broad—and the other two have large ears, over an inch in breadth. The Himalayan mouse-hare can be identified from the others in having moderate ears, and the toe-pads exposed, though the rest of the pad of the foot is covered with light grey hair. The head is rufous and the rest of the body rather dark brown, except the under-parts, which are light grey to white. The appetite of these tiny creatures is the most remarkable thing about them, with the exception of their truly confiding nature. In the evening Victoria would solemnly sit down and get rid of almost her own bulk of leaves and grasses, and within an hour of this wonderful feat she would be ready to oblige again if the food was conveniently at hand!

As I have already said, little or nothing is known of their private life, so it behoves Victoria to behave herself when another Albert comes along, and reveal to the world that which has so long remained a closed book. And it is hoped they will live happily ever afterwards.

C. H. DONALD.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE TEES

THE monthly "Bulletin" of the Green Section of the United States Golf Association has before now been a very present help to me in trouble, and once again I turn this week to its amusing and instructive pages. Opening the July number by chance I came first of all on something that appealed to my weak-minded sense of humour. Listen to this plaint from Missouri. "The majority of our clubs in this section are troubled by depredations of gophers, both the kind that only leave holes and the kind that throw up mounds of dirt. What is the best means of exterminating them?" Missouri is not peculiarly unfortunate. Are we not here plagued with similar creatures? We spell them rather differently, it is true, but they are clearly of the same noxious species, for some of ours dig holes with their irons and then leave them gaping, with divots unreplaced, while others throw up huge mounds of dirt on the tees, from the top of which they endeavour, quite vainly, to strike the ball. We have long since in this country given up the hope of exterminating them.

Then, on another page, I find a little article which, I confess, fills me with alarm. It is headed, "Jobs for retired business men," and suggests that the golfer who has retired should "devote all his leisure to studying the innumerable problems which golf courses present. These include better turf, improvement of the architectural features and matters of efficiency with economy." This with a view, as I understand, to helping the Committee. I imagine that the retired gentlemen of America are of a somewhat different brand from those who grow so luxuriantly on some of the courses in this country. I do not fancy that many of our committees are anxious for too much aid from the retired. The gentleman of leisure has certainly strong views on all the subjects mentioned, but his notion of better turf is too often to burn up the best putting green with some ingenious chemical; and as for efficient economy, how well we know those passionate inscriptions in the suggestion book that the price of a whisky and soda is monstrous and should be reduced forthwith. When it comes to architectural features, I really don't think there would be any if the retired had their way, for each separate one of them wants to fill up the bunker into which he habitually goes. The "Bulletin's" suggestion seems to me fraught with direst peril.

After that I turn to a very interesting article by my friend, Mr. Alan D. Wilson, on the placing of tees. He is anxious that all courses should have graduated tees, so as to make the holes suitable to various classes of players. "As it is now," he says, "the poorer players on many courses have no chance to make any of the carries; are constantly in trouble even when they play their best shots; and are generally taught the game of playing safe and never trying anything, which certainly decreases their pleasure and does not tend to improve their golf."

That is, no doubt, quite true. It is truer, I think, in America than it is here, because there are more carrying shots to be played from the tee on the average American course than on the average British one. Over here the revulsion against the dreary, old-fashioned cross-rampart has probably taken us rather too

far in the opposite direction, whereas the American architect strikes a good, sane balance between cross and side hazards. That is by the way, however. It is quite certain that, as far as getting any real fun or thrill out of them is concerned, many holes are spoiled for the short driver by back tees. He has no exciting shots to play because he has nothing he can "go for." By sneaking along in unambitious safety he may win the hole in five against six; but he must often envy his defeated adversary, who, at least, could try gloriously for his four, even though he failed. Yet it is a fact that if you give short drivers short tees they often refuse to use them. "The most serious difficulty," as Mr. Wilson says, "is the psychological one. If you build three sets of tees and call them the long tee, the short tee, and the ladies' tee, obviously no 'he-man' will play from the ladies' tee; and in practice it seems to be found that, either from a sense of vanity or due to the fact that hope never dies, very few of the people who ought to use them will play from what are designated the short tees. They seem to feel that, if they do, they are not playing the game, and so continue to play from long tees which utterly spoil the hole for players of their calibre."

No doubt there is a very great deal in a name, and the word "short" offends people. Mr. Wilson suggests two alternative systems of naming tees—either "Championship, Regular and Ladies'" or "red, white and blue." He thinks that the system of colours is the best, and I agree with him. "Let it be known," Mr. Wilson says, "that the red, we will say, is for championship purposes, the white for regular play and the blue for ladies." Let the discs be painted accordingly. This system has, to speak paradoxically, the advantage of being the most colourless. It seems to convey less of covert reproach on those who tee as near the green as possible.

Mr. Wilson gives an example of a course where this plan is adopted, the National Golf Links at Southampton, where last summer's international match was played. The National certainly affords the best possible argument for graduated tees of any course of my acquaintance. It is always an intensely interesting course, but for a good player it is not a very severe one, unless the tees are put back. Then, without being hideously long, it is extremely severe. Not only is there a number of really testing carries to be made from the tee, but the additional length of the second shots makes a remarkable difference. On the other hand, for the rank and file of players the holes as played from the ordinary tees are quite long enough. From the back tees they would often fail to get over, find themselves hopelessly trapped and lose all the fun of the hole. Mr. Wilson says that "the great majority of players at the National use the middle tees as a matter of course and only the men who play exceptionally well attempt the long carries from the back tees." If so eminently sensible a result can be obtained by substituting "white" for "short," and "blue" for "ladies," by all means let us try it. I am sure there is something in it. Personally, I am sure I should not, in a few years, mind coming down to the "blue" tees, but the "ladies'" tees. No, hang it all, I can't stand that!

BERNARD DARWIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS IN AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was interested to see in COUNTRY LIFE a letter by Mr. Astley referring to the wholesale destruction of Australian birds and the questionable wisdom of the policy of the Federal Government in totally prohibiting the export of rare parakeets which can be bred in confinement. Naturalist friends in Australia are continually giving me bits of news which are exceedingly sad reading. Within the last year or so I have heard of the lovely and almost extinct Turquoise parakeet being used to vary the diet of railway workers; of the even rarer and more exquisite Splendid grass parakeet being caught in a barn, which it had entered in search of food during a severe drought, to be eaten by the local farmer; of drinking places poisoned during a drought in one of the few remaining haunts of the Orange-bellied grass parakeet, and of extensive shooting of the curious Red-capped parakeet by orchard owners in the West. The important thing for scientists and bird lovers to bear in mind is this: *such tragedies are to a great extent inevitable and cannot be prevented.* We do not seem able to get the Wild Birds' Protection Act properly enforced in our own thickly populated country. What chance is there in a vast and thinly settled country like Australia, where the great majority of people hardly know one species of parakeet from another and consider the interests of their stomachs or of their pockets before the preservation of rare birds? Cockatoos are undoubtedly a terrible scourge in the wheat-growing districts, and it is expecting too much of human nature to suppose that the average farmer will abstain from any effective method of getting rid of his enemies just to prevent rarer and less mischievous species sharing the fate of the principal offenders. If the poisoning of seed corn is forbidden by law, the law is easily evaded by sowing unpoisoned wheat on the arable land and, later, sprinkling poisoned grain about the paddocks. In the same way, a man who has not tasted fresh meat for many weeks, or who badly wants a change from everlasting beef or mutton, is not going to trouble whether the parakeet he shoots is a common rosella or the last of a vanishing race of neophema; while the orchard owner who finds a portion of his apple crop sliced up by the long beak of *Porphyriocephalus spurius* is not likely to be deterred from reprisals by the fact that the bird is of great scientific interest and has a very restricted range. Quite apart from the action of man, the uncontrollable ravages of foxes and feral cats have got to be reckoned with, as well as the extremely important fact that *once a species falls below a certain numerical strength its extermination by natural enemies is absolutely certain.* Australia is liberally supplied with birds of prey, as well as with large and voracious lizards. The normal life of a creature exposed to the attacks of these enemies is short by reason of the great risk of accident. It can only survive by quickly replacing a lost mate and reproducing its kind regularly. If it has to travel long and far to find a mate the chances are that it will be killed before it attains its object. Any true bird-lover must sympathise with the policy of the Australian authorities in so far as it is an attempt to check the cruel and wasteful methods of certain trappers and dealers, but the demands of aviculture never seriously affected the fate of any bird as a species. Australians are not going to make a year's difference in the date of the extinction of any of the doomed parakeets even though they examine every ship and intercept every smuggled rarity. In one way and one way only can the grass parakeets and certain others be saved, and that is by catching immediately a few pairs and breeding them systematically in properly constructed aviaries, either in their native land or elsewhere. Ornithologists all over the world should make it their business to see that this is done before it is too late. The extinction of almost any kind of bird is to be deplored; and the grass parakeets, especially, are among the loveliest of their race, dainty in shape, graceful in flight, musical in voice, and never gaudy even when exquisitely brilliant in plumage. In captivity they are all very easy to feed, and once their peculiarities are understood, by no means hard to breed and keep in health, even in our own climate.

—TAVISTOCK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in the note of your correspondent, Mr. Hubert Astley, en-

titled "Destruction of Birds in Australia," published in COUNTRY LIFE on July 28th. I have not the slightest doubt that what your correspondent states is perfectly accurate, but I should like to point out some of the precautions which are being taken by Australia's scientific societies to prevent unnecessary extermination of Australian birds. The members of the Ornithological Section of the New South Wales Zoological Society are doing their utmost to prevent the annihilation of species in New South Wales. They are using their influence with the Government to establish and maintain preserves and ordinary sanctuaries. Members, too, are offering their services as honorary rangers. The Royal Australasian Ornithologists' Union is indirectly responsible for some of the stringent bird protection and exportation laws—for the Federal Government, I believe, acts very often, and very wisely, on the advice of this body. Australia realises her fortune in having a unique fauna, especially an avian one, and is endeavouring to protect it to the best of her ability. Such cases as the one quoted by Mr. Astley will, I hope, in the near future be unknown, for the conscientious work of all the scientific societies—of which I have named but two—deserves reward.—C. HORTON-SMITH.

[Mr. Horton-Smith's letter is, of course, evidence of the very excellent work which is being done by scientific societies in Australia, but it is no reflection on their keenness and activity to say that they will not avert the extinction of the birds referred to in Lord Tavistock's letter by the methods they are at present employing. They cannot control the vermin, and only with the greatest difficulty will they be able to control their fellow-men in the more accessible districts where, perhaps, the birds most in need of protection do not occur. Strict prohibition of the export of birds may prevent cruelty, but it will not affect the problem of extermination, because the percentage of any species taken for the bird trade is usually, if not invariably, an extremely small one and always has been small.—ED.]

THE SPARROWHAWK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The very interesting article on the sparrowhawk in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE recalled to me my first handling of that fierce little bird. Hearing a great commotion in the conservatory one day last winter, I hastened in, knowing that the cat was in hot pursuit of some bird, possibly of my pet robin! Plants and feathers were flying, and very soon fur would have followed suit, for the bird was none other than the sparrowhawk! Quickly banishing the cat and donning a pair of leather gloves, I proceeded to catch the terrified bird—a very easy matter, for the poor thing soon became exhausted through beating itself against the glass. At first it went for me "tooth and nail." When it had quieted down a little I released it in the open air, and it flew off, apparently none the worse for its fright. I can only imagine that it was "hawking" my pet robin, and swooped through the open door after it. The robin may have come in for "sanctuary," and could escape through an aperture into the vinery.—A. M. M.

AGRICULTURE AND NEW METHODS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Those who are constantly writing that agriculture is going to the dogs are surely in want of spectacles. Here, in the heart of Somerset, it would certainly be more correct to say that agriculture is going to the engineer and that the farmers and their helpers are slowly adapting themselves to the improved methods that are essential if this fundamental industry is to be put on a paying basis. Up to two or three years ago slipshod methods and old-fashioned ideas did not prove fatal to success, but to-day it is safe to say that farming demands the best of brains and equipment if it is expected to yield a fair return upon capital. A careful observer will note many changes of method. Co-operative milk, butter, cream and bacon factories are largely in evidence, all of which help to keep down expenses as well as to standardise products, enabling bulks to be properly graded and put on the market at fair prices. Motor tractors have speeded up the process of ploughing and reaping, thus enabling farmers to take full advantage of suitable weather conditions, both for seeding and harvesting. Pumping, milking, butter making, woodcutting, etc., are

being done by machinery, and the uncertainty factor largely eliminated. During the last few days I have seen a farmer run his car containing milk churns into a field, and the cows were not alarmed as they were milked around it and the milk driven away. Farm labourers of the younger generation I have seen fetching the cows home and wheeling their 1923 models in first-class motor cycles! Also, I have seen them off to the hay fields in good style mounted on motor cycles, but dressed in suitable attire for haymaking! Surely these are signs that agriculture is awakening and speeding up. These few indications are by no means the only ones to be seen, and the time is quickly coming when more farmers will drive into market by car than with horses. There is a more thorough method of farming being adopted, and before long, if given a fair chance, agriculture will once again be able to hold her own with all classes of industry and be worth training our sons for making this their profession.—ERNEST A. LITTEN.

BLACKBIRDS AND GARDEN PEAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Of wild birds there is none for which I used to have a greater friendship than the blackbird, but I am afraid that it will not be possible to put up very long with the new habits it has acquired. The worst of these is a pernicious taste for green peas. I would like to know whether others who grow the vegetables for their own use have had a similar experience. The garden, I may say, is a large one, but the portion devoted to vegetable cultivation is just sufficient to supply the wants of a small family. Hitherto the blackbirds have been content to raid the strawberry plots and bare the raspberry canes, but this year they have developed an appetite, never before observed in the district (a corner of Hertfordshire), for green peas. They have become experts in the fine art of shelling them. With the bill for a chisel they cut into the pod, extract the peas nearest the opening, and then enlarge it until all the contents can be grabbed. This is done so thoroughly that in a row of 20yds. it is impossible to get a handful of full pods for a bucketful of those emptied by the blackbirds. Gentle means of scaring have been tried in vain by the gardener. They pass through nets, pay no heed to threads either white or black, and evidently regard paper and rags as hung up to fan them. Blackbirds multiply because of their cleverness in dodging the rigours of winter; while the silly thrush takes to the open fields and dies, they abide in the shrubbery and yew hedges. The blackbirds, indeed, have multiplied till they threaten to become as numerous a folk as the starlings. I have been wondering whether any of your readers could suggest a means of preventing their depredations. Comparatively stern measures might benefit them in the end, because if they carry their robbery further, either they or the vegetable garden will have to go. One would rather not, but these are the bare bones of the situation. It may prevent useless argument if the fact be pointed out that the pods attacked are not those within reach of poultry, but such as grow a number of feet from the ground and, at any rate, on higher branches than the domestic fowl could reach, even if it had, which it has not, the chance of doing so.—PEASCOD.

[This letter was submitted to Dr. Walter E. Collinge, who writes: "I have long contended that many of our wild birds have changed their feeding habits owing to the unusual increase of other species which feed on similar kinds of food. In such cases we find that cultivated fruits or vegetables are resorted to. The case instanced by your correspondent 'Peascod' is only too true of what is happening all over the country, for at the present time there are five species of wild birds that have increased to such an extent that a sufficient supply of their natural food no longer exists; these are the house sparrow, the rook, the starling, the blackbird and the wood-pigeon. Unless repressive measures are instituted the losses occasioned will annually grow larger. As your correspondent pertinently remarks, 'either they or the vegetable garden will have to go.' In the past the number of blackbirds has been kept in check by boys collecting their eggs, and it would be well if the hobby were revived. No one wishes to see our wild birds wantonly destroyed, but that their numbers must be held in check is obvious."—ED.]



CARRYING HAY BY SLEDGE IN THE COTSWOLDS.

SLEIGHING IN JULY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On the steep slopes of the Cotswolds during hay-making, where it is found difficult and dangerous to use the ordinary farm wagon, this primitive sleigh is used to transport the hay to the rick, which is usually made in the same or an adjoining field. It consists of two low runners joined with cross-pieces to make a bed for the hay, and a pole about six feet high at each corner, the whole measuring about eight feet by six feet. The runners become very smooth and glide easily over the stubbly grass.

—W. H. ADAMS.

RARE BRITISH PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I crave the hospitality of your paper to plead with my fellow-gardeners on behalf of rare British plants, and beg them to be sparing in collecting them for their gardens? I more particularly refer to the description in your number of August 4th of Mr. Hanbury's delightful garden: may I hope that if Mr. Hanbury gives us the pleasure of reading his promised article on rare native plants he will reassure us that he has "collected" only where the desired species were reasonably plentiful. In the description referred to I am glad to find that our rarest high mountain plants are not mentioned. Speaking generally, I would urge collectors to remember the loss to the botanist, and to all lovers of wild England, if rare species are exterminated. I am far from disparaging the collectors' keen joy in making such plants happy in their gardens—but what will be the future fate of these plants? After two generations have passed by, will they—now being lovingly nursed in presumably less congenial surroundings—still be flourishing as in their wild habitat? Will even the garden survive? Surely one may doubt this—yet there is no doubt about the loss to the place where the treasures once grew! Let me give examples of plants named in the article. *Cystopteris montana*, *Erigeron alpinum* and *Viola arenaria* are all most rare, particularly the last plant, which I hope was not collected in the British Isles. Cannot English gardeners acquire many of their treasures from habitats abroad, where often they are far more common than in our islands? *Viola arenaria*, for instance, is widely spread in Europe and Northern Asia. Here the process of extermination is already far too easy.—R. M. TRISTRAM.

THE FREAKISH EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When recently motoring in Sussex, I was astonished to see the freakish effects of lightning during the terrible thunderstorm that lately swept across the country. A grove of pines, oaks and limes was growing in the corner of a field close to the high road. There was rather a thick undergrowth of shrubs under the trees, which grew around a large pool of water. One tall pine was growing close to this pool and occupied practically the centre of the grove. It was slim and very tall, with no large branches. The lightning had struck the tree and torn out a wedge-shaped piece of the trunk without felling the tree. About a

third of the tree had been torn out. In falling, this long wedge-shaped piece of timber had been snapped in two, carried by the force of the lightning to the wire fence that surrounded the grove, and placed upright against the wires. The distance between them and the pine was about six and seven yards respectively. The rest of the trees were not touched or damaged in any way, and there was not a trace of the lightning to be seen on the undergrowth. The lightning had evidently spent itself upon the one pine, without doing any other material damage.—C.

TROUT AND HIGH TEMPERATURES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the late heat wave I have noticed that trout in detached pools along a nearly dry river bed suffer considerably. The stream entering and leaving these pools is reduced to the merest trickle, and the water is very much above the normal temperature. The trout go up to the shallow heads of the pools, in order to get into moving water, and then lie at the surface with their mouths open, trying apparently to oxygenate their lungs direct from the air. I do not think that the fish actually die, for they survived the drought and heat of 1921. The larger trout are too shy to venture into the shallows at the top of the pools, but come up to the edge somewhere in deep water, where grass gives them cover or the bank overhangs, and rest their chins on the edge, while they pant and send out a continuous ripple.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

DEFOLIATION OF OAKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. W. Robinson, the soil where the photographs were taken is excellent for the growth of oaks to a large size, and many hundreds of good oaks were felled in 1914-17. If he will examine the oaks he mentions as now having "a mantle of fresh green," they will probably be found deficient of a good acorn crop.—M. PORTAL.

STONEHENGE FROM THE AIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Thank you for your kind remarks in your issue of July 28th about "Stonehenge from the Air." Would you kindly insert a small correction in your next issue? The photographs were not taken under my instructions, but in the ordinary course of practice (in 1921) by R.A.F. pilots. At this date I had not anything to do with air-photography. I did not promise "an enquiry by an engineer into the possibility of rafts carrying two-ton loads having been floated up the Avon." I only asked for an opinion. But several qualified persons have assured me that this undertaking would be quite possible. The suggestion that this route and means of transport were employed is not my own, but was first put forward (with others that I cannot accept) by Mr. Cooksey.—O. G. S. CRAWFORD.

THE WATER-BAG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The average household always finds a difficulty in keeping a supply of water cold enough

to be refreshing. In the Dominions oversea the water-bag is part of the furnishing of a house. It is always hanging in a shady part of the veranda or, failing that, in a draught. These water-bags are quite simple and are made of thick canvas. All that is required is a thick make of canvas, a stout needle and fine twine. Cut a circle of canvas, and sew a straight piece to this, forming a bag, the two ends of the straight piece being joined together to make it complete. Fold the top over a piece of wire to keep it open, add two handles, and hang up in a draughty and shady place. Fill nearly full of water and leave. It will drip a bit until the canvas swells sufficiently to make the whole watertight. The water contained in these bags will be delightfully cold and fresh, in spite of the heat of the surrounding air. A more elaborate water-bag may be fitted with a tap, but although this is useful it is not necessary. The bag should be made large enough to hold two or three gallons of water, as, naturally, a small quantity does not cool so readily, and the bag requires to be filled too frequently to be of real service. These bags are ideal water-holders for the camper, as they can be hung up under a tree or in a tent.—H. T. C.

LULWORTH COVE AND ARISH MELL GAP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—These three photographs exhibit the peculiar beauty of Lulworth Cove and the coast line easterly towards the Arish Mell Gap. All who know this district and have enjoyed its exquisite beauty and charm are indignant at the suggestion that this land should be appropriated as a practising ground for the tanks. Inland, plenty of ground could be found where little harm could be done to anyone. It is to be hoped that the scheme will be abandoned.—E. P. FIELD.



MUPE BAY AND ARISH MELL GAP.



IN MUPE BAY.



LULWORTH COVE, LOOKING ACROSS TO THE COASTGUARD STATION.

GLEANINGS FROM "THE RACING CALENDAR"

JOCKEY CLUB AND JOCKEYS

DO not suppose that the average person interested in racing has ever set eyes on that fascinating publication called *The Racing Calendar*, which serves as the official organ of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee. Yet its weekly appearance is a matter of much significance for all with business interests either in the breeding or the racing of the thoroughbred. Owners and trainers see their entries in print, and the handicappers give them much food for quiet thought and calculation. They make entries for races in the very immediate future, or even three years distant: a wonderful thing is this entry-making business. Partnerships, leases, names, forfeits, official announcements, reports of meetings of the governing authorities, appointments, sales, advertisements of stallions, and all sorts of odds and ends bearing on a great industry, find their way into each weekly issue of this momentous publication. That being so I have thought it might interest the reader to join with me in glancing at last week's issue, for it was on the whole of exceptional importance.

First, there was that warning to the jockeys of to-day conveyed in the following terms: "The Stewards of the Jockey Club warn all jockeys that reckless, careless and erratic riding will not be tolerated. They have requested stewards of all meetings to report to the Registry Office all such cases, and any jockey so reported will be liable at once to have his licence withdrawn under Rule 17, or to be suspended by the Stewards of the Jockey Club for such period as they may desire." Well, I do not suppose that in the long history of racing in this country it has ever been necessary to issue such a serious warning. It is a fair inference, therefore, that present-day riding has reached such a pass that only drastic disciplinary methods will have any chance of checking a great evil. Hence it is that the Stewards of the Jockey Club now require to deal with offenders themselves rather than have them dealt with by local stewards, who vary in their discretion and influence, as also in their understanding of racing, to an extraordinary extent.

Probably, no jockey has been more severely punished than Beary this year, for, in addition to what was served out to him by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, there was that distasteful sequel in the Law Courts which, by the way, is still in process of being carried to the Court of Appeal. Since then, however, a jockey has been held to have ridden recklessly at Liverpool, and he was made the subject of a reprimand and a caution. Then shortly afterwards a horse was killed at Alexandra Park, and its rider was hurt by the fall, while the jockey held to have crossed in a careless manner was fined £10. You will understand that there has been no uniformity about these punishments, and it is no wonder that the public have lost some confidence, while, of course, they cannot understand why this wild riding should have been allowed to creep into the racing of to-day. Certainly it is a pernicious thing that it should be so, and I have no doubt that the cause in some measure is the existence of a feud among certain of the jockeys themselves. That being so, the Stewards of the Jockey Club have done the only possible thing in ordering that all such cases shall be reported to them. They may then hope to probe to the bottom of things, and the sooner they do so assuredly the better. What is disquieting is that some of the riders concerned are mere slips of apprentices. That this should be so is perfectly ridiculous, and shows the position to which these youngsters have attained under the system of giving allowances in certain races of limited value. When one of them strikes the leading jockey in the face in the jockeys' dressing room we really are coming to something. The powers simply must intervene now.

Apart from the subject I have been discussing, what I found of exceptional interest in the last issue of the *Calendar* were the columns of entries for races to come, some of the events not being due to be run until 1926, as I shall presently show. Two other events, however, which seem to fascinate the follower of racing more than any others are the Cesarewitch and the Cambridge-shire, the one having received no fewer than 102 entries and the other 98. Only the other day I was writing of the great dearth of genuine stayers in the country. I am still of that opinion, only the fact of 102 being entered for the Cesarewitch would seem to discount my assertion.

I see some perfectly ridiculous horses entered, but they shall pass nameless for the time being. I need only mention a few of the better known ones. Lord Lonsdale has put in his St. Leger winner, Royal Lancer, as well as the Newbury Cup winner, Diligence. The best known French candidate is Flechois, a performer at Ascot; and while Mr. Anthony de Rothschild has put in The Villager and Montfort, I am much surprised that the name of his Goodwood Cup winner, Triumph, has been omitted. The Ascot Gold Cup winner, Happy Man, is there, and doubtless he will carry the distinction of having top weight. The Aga Khan has entered a couple of three year old fillies in Saucer and the better known Teresina, but it is strange to find the name of Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's Eaglehawk, a horse only a very little while ago running in a five furlong handicap at Sandown Park!

Lord Derby, who has not had much luck this year, considering his immense interests on the Turf, is represented by four,

the best known being Silurian, only beaten a short head by Happy Man for the Gold Cup. I thought Lord Queenborough's Welsh Spear was broken down, but here he is in this entry subscribed to by all the co-optimists on the Turf. Sir Abe Bailey has apparently a big affection for the Cesarewitch ever since Son-in-Law won for him some years ago, and notwithstanding the distaste for racing for the time being which Tishy gave to him by her grotesque failure. He names half a dozen in the present entry, one said to be favourite with all those bookmakers who have been laying long prices before even the entries were known. I refer to Ceylonesse, third for the St. Leger last year. After all, there are very few of the 102 that have won over two miles and more. The select few in that category include Happy Man, Silurian, Glass Idol, Flechois, Hunt Law, Puttenden, Double Hackle, The Villager, Norseman, Juniso, Carpathus, Trossach Girl, Flint Jack, Arravale, Light Dragon (last year's winner of the race), Bessema, Bucks Hussar and Silvester. Those are not many to single out of 102, and yet it would not surprise me if the winner on October 17th proves to be among them.

The Cambridgeshire looks an awful tangle to unravel, even before we are acquainted with the weights. One or two things we are certain of: Sicyon will be top weight with something like 9st. 7lb. as his portion. And I shall not expect the French Stewards' Cup winner, Epinard, to get an ounce under 9st. As to whether he is as relatively good over nine furlongs at Newmarket as over an easy six furlongs at Goodwood we shall see in due course, but I am sure the handicapper will not have the "wool" drawn over his eyes where this brilliant customer is concerned. It is really a most remarkable entry, for practically all the best known horses in training figure in it. The Derby winner, Papyrus, is an exception, as also is Ellangowan, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. But classic form can be represented by Brownhylda (the Oaks) and Tranquil (One Thousand Guineas). The Aga Khan's quartet are Teresina, Cos, Paola and Tricky Aunt. The dismal failure, Town Guard, is in, but not so that prince of flat-catchers, Legality, at one time regarded as the best three year old in the powerful Whatcombe stable.

I have referred to Epinard, and other interesting propositions are such as Royal Lancer, Pondoland (he showed a distinct return to form at Goodwood), Tremola, My Lord, Re-Echo (last year's winner), Pharos, Tranquil, Drake (until this entry appeared thought to have made a permanent exit from racing), St. Louis (a failure ever since his very easy win of the Two Thousand Guineas last year), and Soubriquet also was understood to have been retired from the racecourse. Most of the same names are in the entry of sixty for the Duke of York Stakes, which is usually decided on the Saturday before the Cesarewitch, at Kempton Park.

Still on the subject of entries as revealed by the last issue of the *Calendar*, let me draw attention to those for the Eclipse Stakes and National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 1926. They are extraordinarily interesting to all who care to look ahead. In these matters owners are compelled to look ahead. For instance, the Eclipse Stakes of three years hence is for foals at the present time at certain entry fees and, if entered as yearlings now, the scale of entry, of course, differs. The point is that the race of 1926 is for foals and yearlings in 1923. The Sledmere Stud, for instance, have entered sixteen of their present foals, and thirteen of the yearlings which will be offered for sale at Doncaster next month. The yearling from Lady Josephine, the dam of Mumtaz Mahal, is by Gay Crusader, but there is apparently no foal from the mare. The yearling from the dam of Teresina is by Gainsborough and the foal by Swynford.

Lord Woolavington makes eight entries, including a foal by Tetratema from the dam of Paola, and a yearling by Gay Crusader from the dam of Knockando. Lord Derby has put in nine, Mr. Anthony de Rothschild and Mr. Jack Joel seven each, Lord Astor and Sir Abe Bailey eight each, and soon, until we have the race closing with the very big entry in the first instance of 302. This is a big increase on the 228 entries received for the race which was decided last month.

The National Breeders' Produce Stakes is for the produce of mares which will foal in 1924. Therefore, the owner nominates his mare and states the sire with which she has been mated. In that way we get an enormous entry, for the fee in the first instance is only £1 for every mare. There are penalties and breeding allowances in addition to a maiden allowance, and, of course, the cost of remaining in the race mounts up as the time of the race approaches. Many of the subscribers to the race are breeders who will sell the produce of the mares they have nominated, and buyers will have to take over the nominations. Under this heading again comes the Sledmere Stud with no fewer than twenty nominations, including what is hoped will be a half-sister to Mumtaz Mahal, by Son-in-Law. Such new sires as Tetratema, Buchan, Golden Myth, Craig an Eran, Galloper Light and others are noted with some prominence. Lord Furness makes nineteen nominations, and Mr. Jack Joel fifteen. I should have liked to pursue the interesting topic further, but I am at the end of my space.

PHILIPPOS.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

THE SEASON WHICH OPENED ON AUGUST 1st.

A GREAT many people adore wildfowling, but the fondness is in most cases of an abstract order, seldom or never having been fixed by genuine participation. The more vital affection of true knowledge resides for the most part in the souls of a portion of the community less favoured with worldly endowments than that to which forty birds over in a drive is not an uncommon experience. August 1st, or some later date as fixed by Order, is the red-letter day of their year; and this is what actually happened in a certain spot on the occasion which has just passed. A party of four, comprising three gunners of consequence, obtained a difficult leave of absence from their respective employers and journeyed down overnight to a certain seaport not a thousand miles from the mouth of the Thames. Three hours' rest at a friend's house preceded a three miles' walk, carrying all kit, to the salt marshes, the party arriving at 2.30 a.m., when the tide was at full flood. Half an hour later they espied on the moonlit water a boat containing two gunners who were out on the same mission, but went elsewhere on finding their favourite place occupied. Hence our sportsmen were none too early. By 3.30 the flight had begun and continued briskly for 1½ to 2 hours, the conditions being those of a pheasant or partridge drive intermittently proceeding throughout the time. After that things slackened off considerably, when breakfast was prepared from materials which had been included in the heavy burdens carried to the spot. At 10 o'clock, in consequence of a land party disturbing the birds resting on a freshwater "fleet," things again became lively. From 11 a.m. till 2 p.m., when the tide again began to fill the creeks, sport revived somewhat, after which it livened up still further and had resumed its highest quality by 4 p.m., when, alas! ammunition was exhausted and the party had, in any case, to catch their train home. Bag: 33 mallard, with a further 10 that could not be gathered, 3 teal, 1 shoveller, 1 curlew and 2 various. They testify that J. G. Millais' picture of the first shot of the season ("Wildfowling in Scotland") in no wise exaggerates what they themselves saw.

THE FIELD TRIAL SEASON.

The tests for sporting dogs being now due to commence, attention will be riveted upon certain developments which will repay continuous observation. Two opposing forces are striving for mastery, incidentally seeking to appropriate the rewards of this highly profitable business. And we shall never fully understand the subject except by regarding it as a trade. Puppies from good stock command big prices, training fees run into double figures, the successful product is worth £50 or more, whilst stud fees aggregate into a big yearly turnover. The amateur as well as the professional has an eye to the main chance. To some extent the war is a class war, for we have on one side people of wealth and position, who seek to retain under their dominance the conduct of these trials, and on the other a combined element of professionals and knowledgeable amateurs, who voice the objection not only that bad methods are being pursued, but that undue favour is accorded to competitors holding a place in the magic circle. The Kennel Club is the body whose methods and decisions are mainly called into question; certain other dog societies, while accepting the club's authority in matters of registration, holding that as things are being managed the best qualities in the shooting dog are not accorded prime importance, and that actual harm is being done by insistence on a style of performance which has no counterpart in the shooting field. When such a state of mind exists there is naturally discontent with the awards made and the feeling that dogs of high merit are not given due opportunity to display their qualities, or, displaying them, are not rewarded accordingly. Independent sportsmen who visited last year's trials were amazed at the number of birds lost and at the methods used to secure them, freely expressing the view that style and pace are only permissible so long as they do not detract from game-getting ability. At those trials, where gifts of pure utility were primarily sought, the results were vastly more satisfying to the versed onlooker.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

Some years ago a field-trial enthusiast, when conversing with a large estate owner whose principal hobby was shooting, very naturally raised the question of retrievers, but subsided on being told, "Oh, that is a matter we leave to the keepers." This is the crux of the present difficulty. The class which owns and administers property, directing as a matter of routine its

sporting organisation, may or may not come up against problems where the surface view fails to probe the full technique. A few sportsmen, by their fondness for dogs and for sport pursued in their company, have grasped all the essentials and are sound judges of behaviour. But they are few and far between and not necessarily in demand as judges at trials. Keepers, by contrast, though often unacquainted with the rudiments of training and mediocre even as handlers, do contain among their number a substantial proportion who, starting with natural aptitude, superadd lifelong study in the course of their daily routine. From among these the specialists are recruited, and, of necessity, they are supreme. On the other hand, a task of high public importance, such as field trials, must be conducted by the class which provides the ground on which they are run, the game which is dealt with and the funds which purchase the finished canine article. The problem of the moment is how best to govern a procedure where sound practical knowledge is the essence of just decisions, and how to avoid setting up those targets for criticism which the amateur, be he ever so earnest, seems inherently to favour. Just as dog shows tend to spoil whatever utility breeds are raised to the status of pets, so field trials, which in theory are strictly utilitarian, offer their own special temptations to stray from the path of sporting rectitude.

CLAY BIRDS AT BISLEY—AND ELSEWHERE.

I have been informed that the clay bird shooting side-show at Bisley did not pay its way, and that something must be done if this, the most popular spectacle in the camp, is to remain.



THE MOST POPULAR SPECTACLE AT BISLEY.

The tropical temperature would, no doubt, explain the loss of many of the casual entries which formed the mainstay of last year's satisfactory result, but the absence of any system of handicapping which fairly divides the prize money among all grades of shooter is the main trouble of this sport at the moment. A dozen men of, say, six grades of skill shoot at twenty birds, the problem being to allocate the prize there and then on the result obtained, and this without recourse to an endless sequence of ties. Mathematics are always a bore, but this is my solution for a total of ten grades of shooter:

Grade	Points per Bird	Examples in a 20-Bird Contest
1	26 or 32 or 20 kills score 520 or 640
2	27 " 33 19 " " 513 " 627
3	28 " 34 18 " " 504 " 612
4	29 " 35 18 " " 522 " 630
5	30 " 36 17 " " 510 " 612
6	31 " 37 17 " " 528 " 629
7	32 " 38 16 " " 512 " 608
8	33 " 39 16 " " 528 " 624
9	34 " 40 15 " " 510 " 600
10	35 " 41 15 " " 525 " 615

The fundamental idea is to award, according to the grade of each shooter, so many points for every bird killed. In that way the top men, even by smashing all their birds, cannot exceed a certain score, while to equal or beat that score the poorer shot must greatly exceed his average. The particular sequence of points to be allotted would have to be decided by experience as to how the money divides. Two alternative scales are shown in the table. For the same assumed result of shooting in one case the Grade 6 and 8 men tie (which would be a rare event), while in the other the top man's possible seems unassailable. The happy mean should not resist serious efforts at elucidation.

A BOOK TO BUY.

All shooting men who take the slightest interest in the why and wherefore of hitting and missing their game should make a point of ordering Charles Askins' "Wing and Trap Shooting," one of Macmillan's dollar "Outing Handbooks." This writer specially interests me because he is analysing, just as I did some twenty years ago, the mental and physical processes of shooting birds on the wing. There is no doubt that I was the first who systematically related the mathematical values of shot flight measurement to the problems which are solved practically by the wing marksman. It is the sort of writing which a man can only do once in his lifetime: that is, while the early sporting impressions are fresh in mind and during the actual process of extracting the science of the subject. Mr. Askins has, fortunately, reduced his observations to handy book form, whereas mine were never sorted out from the original periodical contributions. But their quintessence appeared in the form of tables in those earlier editions of the "Shooter's

Year Book" where all available information as to the behavior of cartridges was circulated for the benefit of sportsmen throughout the world. While I am probably the stronger on technical laboratory detail, Askins is far the more encyclopædic concerning the precise problems of shooting. He quotes the several varieties of game and more particularly wildfowl of his country, each of which presents its characteristic flight, while exhibiting a diversity of size and coloration which baffles range estimation. He comes nearer getting down to the rock-bottom problems which are solved or not solved in the twinkling of an eye than any writer I can call to mind. Of course, there are several items of detail where I could argue the contrary view. For instance, after listing the theoretical allowances for aiming ahead of birds of different rate of flight and at specified ranges, he says: "The average experienced man, who fires with a rapidly swinging gun, would cut the given lead in half, and many expert wildfowlers would do better than that," to which I might reply that this remark will receive more endorsement from observation than from science.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ASHRIDGE PARK: AN AUCTION

THE trustees of the late Earl Brownlow have directed Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. to submit the northern section of the Ashridge estate by auction at Berkhamstead on September 6th. The particulars will comprise farms, two with possession, in the parishes of Slapton, Eadlesborough, Ivinghoe and Eaton Bray, small holdings and orchards, houses and cottages.

The inner portion of the property, including the mansion, is also for sale at once, and it is suggested that, as this is within thirty miles of London, it would form an excellent club or school. As a residential estate it has the advantage of first-rate pheasant shooting and trout fishing in the river Gade.

It may be recalled that a preliminary announcement of the intention to place Ashridge Park in the market was made in these columns as long ago as June 25th, 1921 (page 811). It was one of the early residences of Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth. From the days of James I, Ashridge belonged to the Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater, from whom it passed by inheritance to the late Earl Brownlow. James Wyatt was architect of the present mansion, which was begun in 1808, and it was completed under the supervision of Sir Jeffery Wyattville. The grounds, in keeping with the house, are adorned by many noble cedars and other specimen trees, wide lawns and a rhododendron avenue, as well as the noted Italian gardens. There is a development value about much of the land on the estate.

Ashridge Park was the subject of illustrated special articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. IV, pages 560 and 592; and Vol. I, pages 160 and 192).

Ashridge stands on a Chiltern ridge 640ft. above sea level, and has a character which is quite remarkable for its date, for reasons which are too elaborate to reiterate here, but are fully considered by Mr. Arthur T. Bolton in the articles of two years ago in these columns. An interesting early chapter in the history of the estate is sufficiently set forth in the title of a privately printed work, "The History of the College of Bonhommes at Ashridge, in the county of Buckingham, founded in the year 1276 by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall," written by the Rev. H. J. Todd, chaplain to the Earl of Bridgewater, in 1823. Dugdale, Tanner, Kennet and Willis had previously written on the same subject; and Skelton, Poet Laureate, who died in 1529, referred to "The Bonhoms of Ashridge beside Barcanstede."

The refectory and cloisters of the old College doubtless suggested the character of Wyatt's design. "Ashridge . . . is certainly a landmark in the story of the revival of mediæval architecture, and a notable example of the phase which culminated in the building of the Houses of Parliament," says Mr. Bolton, and for the reasons for his opinion, and a detailed description of the mansion, reference may be made to the articles of August 6th and 13th, 1921.

SALE OF COTHERSTONE MOOR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR EMMANUEL HOYLE has purchased the Cotherstone grouse moor and adjoining land, extending to

over 6,000 acres, about ten miles from Streatlam Castle, the agents for the vendor being Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who sold another property which belonged to Lord Strathmore, Streatlam Castle, last year. Cotherstone ranks as one of the best moors in the north of England.

For Sir T. Talbot Leyland Scarisbrick Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. J. Hatch, Sons and Fielding, have fixed September 26th as the date of the auction at Southport of Greaves Hall. The mansion in the black-and-white style was erected twenty years ago, and stands in the midst of 104 acres, five miles from Southport and within easy reach of Liverpool. The sale of Greaves Hall is in consequence of the owner's purchase from the Marquis de Casteja, D.S.O., M.C., of Scarisbrick Hall, an estate which was originally for a very long period in the possession of the ancestors of Sir Talbot Leyland Scarisbrick. A short description of both properties recently appeared in these columns, the purchase of the one and intended sale of the other having been announced in COUNTRY LIFE of July 7th and 14th.

MAYFAIR AND SCOTTISH SALES

SIR ARTHUR DU CROS has purchased No. 22, Berkeley Square, through his agents, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have sold a Kensington freehold in Russell Road and a house in Half Moon Street. Reigate Hill property, The Bokes, and the site of the Old Fort, abutting on the mediæval Pilgrim's Way; Fleet House, Felixstowe; and Ashorne Hill estate, near Leamington, 450 acres in the centre of the Warwickshire Hunt, are in the market.

Terregles, the Georgian mansion and 245 acres, three miles from Dumfries, have been sold, by order of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, whose coming sales of Scottish estates include Garvald, 2,130 acres, on the Lanark and Peebles border, twenty miles from Edinburgh; Argyllshire farms, hotels and fishing in the river Barr, part of the outlying section of Ugadale, in the Mull of Kintyre; and Gelston Castle, Mr. Maitland-Kirwan's Castle Douglas estate of 2,500 acres, with fishing in the Dee. The castle contains typical work of the Adam period.

Viscount Elibank contemplates the sale, already announced in COUNTRY LIFE, of Darn Hall, which has been in his family's hands for more than four centuries. It extends to 2,000 acres, and has a lime tree avenue which is reckoned among the finest in Scotland.

Miss Robertson of Struan has decided to dispose of Rannoch Barracks, and has placed it in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The Barracks Lodge derives its name from the building erected for troops sent to keep order in the Highlands after Prince Charlie's rising in 1745. The property, west of Loch Rannoch, extends to 19,000 acres, providing a large bag of grouse, about twenty stags, and fishing in the River Ghaioir and Lochs Rannoch and Laidon.

On the Conway is Coed-y-Celyn, Bettys-y-Coed, the residence of Mrs. Byrd, which is to be submitted by Messrs. Knight, Frank

and Rutley. The Fairy Glen is close by, and the River Llugwy with Swallow Falls.

£107,000 FOR SOMERSET LAND.

SIR JOHN HORNER, having disposed of the only farm that failed to find a purchaser at Messrs. Humbert and Flint's auction of the outlying portions of the Mells estate, has secured an aggregate of just over £107,000. The sale was an unqualified success. Sir John is retaining the manor house and a portion of the estate. The land has been in the Horner family for centuries, some of it since the time of Henry VIII.

This is the second time within a few weeks that Messrs. Humbert and Flint have held auctions amounting to over £100,000, for, jointly with Messrs. Joshua Baker, Cooke and Standen, they have sold the only two lots of the Moat Mount estate which remained over from the auction held in July. The realisations of this estate amount to £102,375. Messrs. Humbert and Flint have sold £25,000 worth of building land in the southern suburbs.

SHEREWATER COURT SOLD.

SHEREWATER COURT, Byfleet, the well known Surrey residence, surrounded by gardens of 8 acres, was let until recently on lease at a rental of over £1,000 per annum. Messrs. Dibblin and Smith have now sold it. The purchaser has the option of buying the residue of the estate, which consists principally of Sherewater golf course.

Ashleworth, Gerrards Cross, having been sold by Messrs. E. and S. Smith, the firm has received instructions by Major G. O. S. Pringle, R.A., to sell the antique and modern furniture on the premises on Tuesday, the 28th inst.

At Wellingborough on September 19th Messrs. Densham and Lambert are to offer as a whole or in thirty-one lots Hinwick, over 1,400 acres, and nearly all the village of Podington.

Reeth Lodge, on the Undercliff at Nitor, Isle of Wight, which remained unsold at £5,900 at the auction in June last, has now been disposed of by Messrs. Collins and Collins in conjunction with Messrs. Ryden, Bowyer and Lane. The residence commands a wonderful prospect of the English Channel. The grounds, of nearly 8 acres, extend to the seashore, and are some of the most beautiful in the island.

Cardigan House estate, Richmond Hill, one of Richmond's old Georgian mansions, has been sold through the agency of Messrs. Chancellors. Adjoining The Terrace Gardens with grounds of between 5 and 6 acres sloping to the river, this property was formerly the residence of the Earl of Cardigan, and in late years the home of the late Captain Willis, one of the Conservators of the Thames. During the war it was taken over by the British Empire League and became the rendezvous of thousands of troops from Overseas.

Elisabeth Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, has disposed of the leasehold interest in No. 32, Charles Street, Mayfair, through Messrs. Herring, Son and Daw. The Queen Victoria Street firm, of which Sir W. Herbert Daw is the senior partner, established in the year 1773, now incorporates the firm of Edwin Davidson and Co. ARBITER.